JUNE 16 — 22, 1979

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Eve's Weekly

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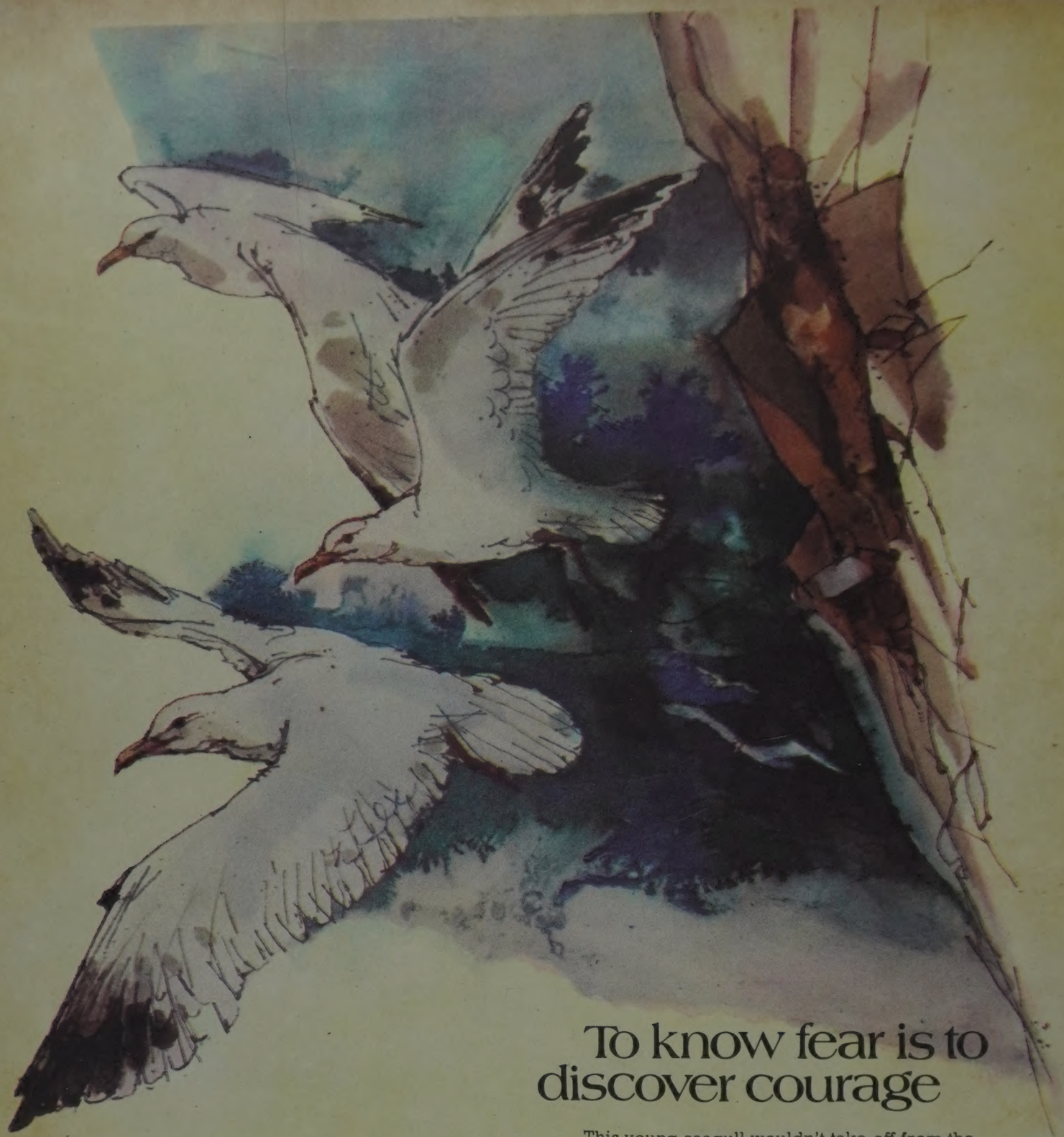

To know fear is to discover courage

This young seagull wouldn't take off from the hills yonder. He wouldn't flap his wings, make a 45-degree swoop to the blue waters beneath where his food lay: he was scared, afraid that his wings wouldn't support him in mid-air.

His father goaded him, cackled the need to fly to ward off starvation and nearly pushed him off the precipice. The young gull, dazed for a moment, fluttered and elongated his long, pointed wings, raised his hooked beak against the wind, and somehow, made a haphazard circle.

Well, it wasn't all that scary. His father flew alongside cackling encouragingly and he returned to the precipice.

In his fear he had discovered courage!

Nature abounds in those qualities we seek in ourselves

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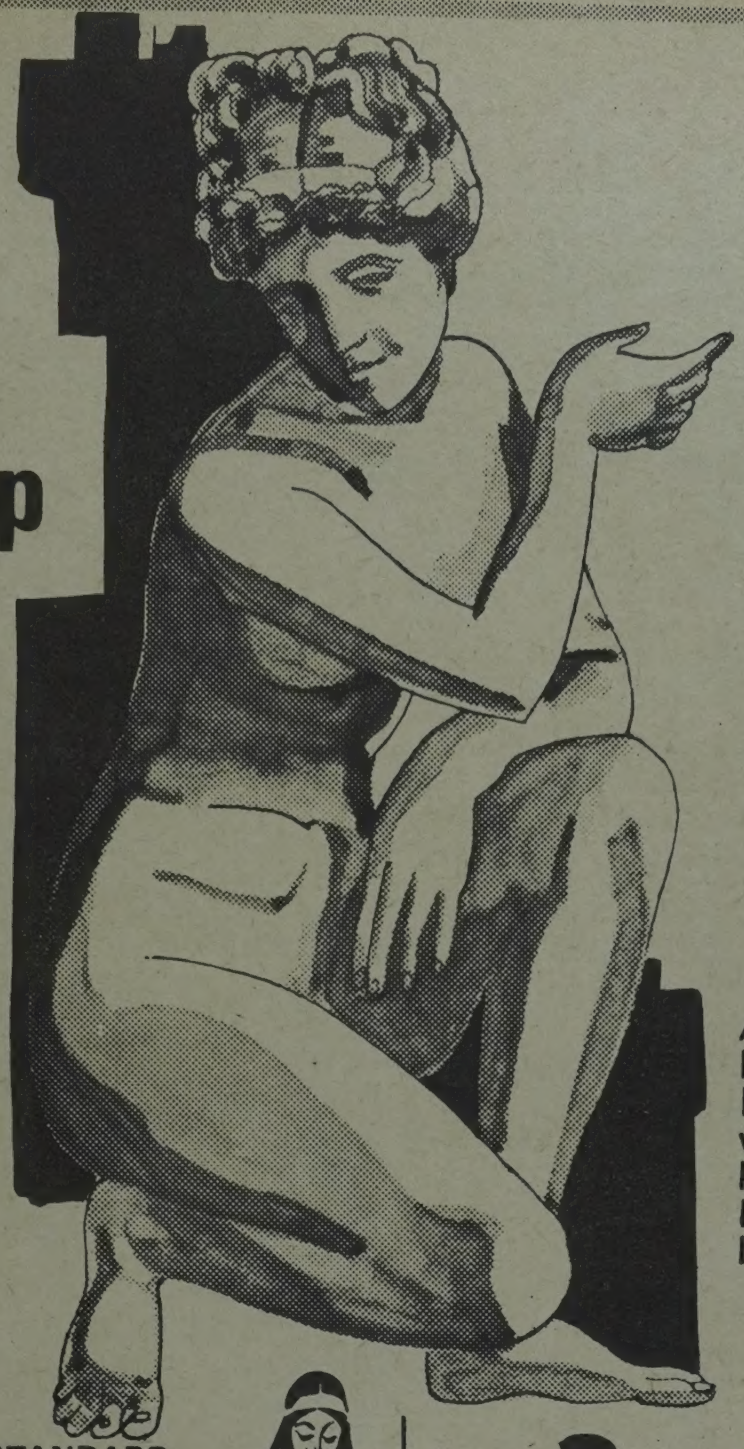

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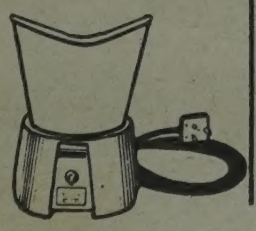

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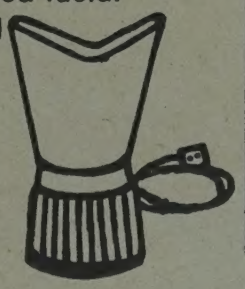

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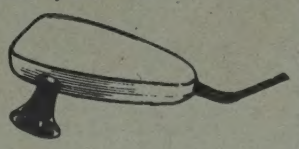

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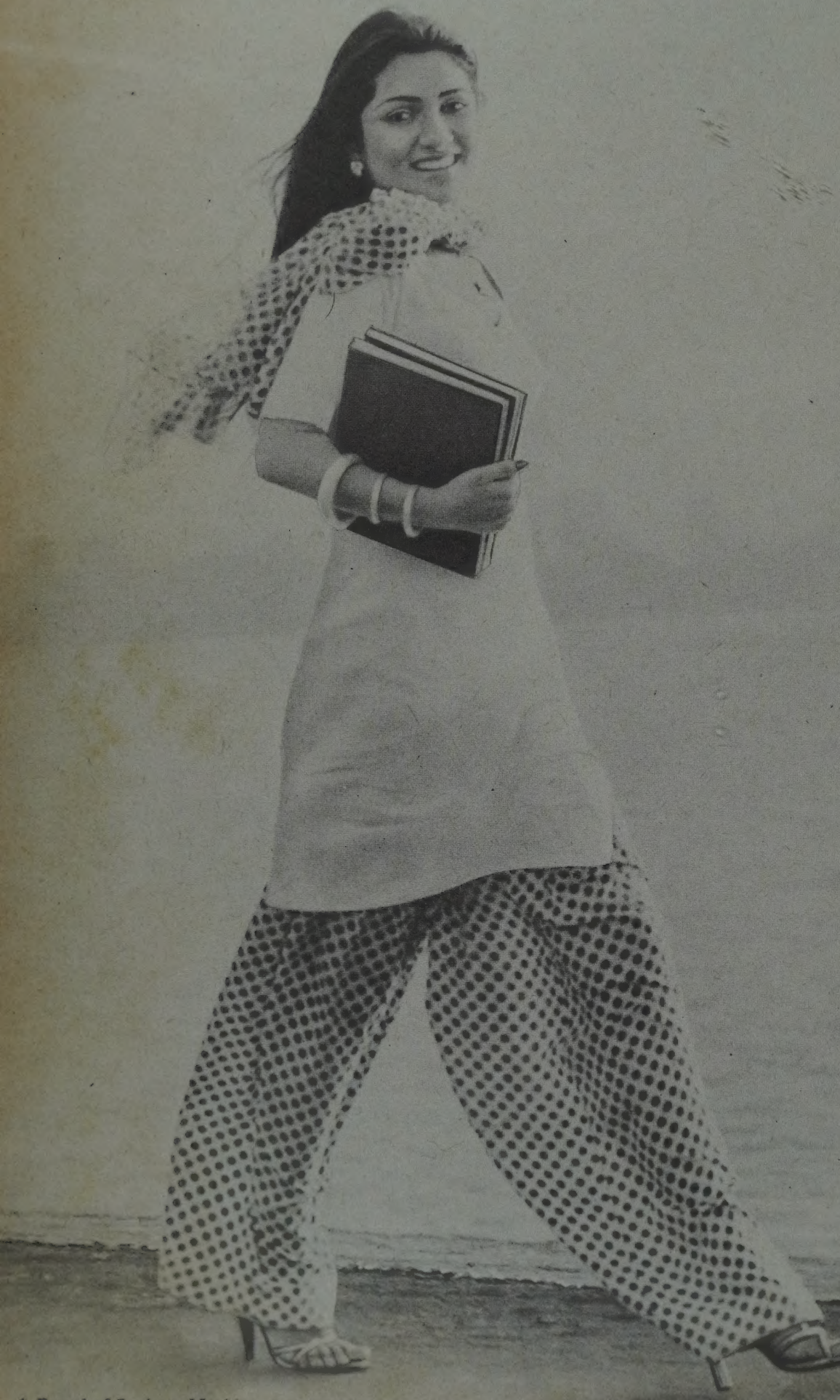

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Johnson & Johnson

CINDY WADHAWAN

Born in Lonavala, educated at St. Joseph's Convent, Vishakhapatnam, and Sophia College, Bombay. Interests include athletics, drama, debates, riding, modelling, embroidery and cooking. Has joined British Airways as a trainee air-hostess. Intends to complete management course after her ambition of flying is realised.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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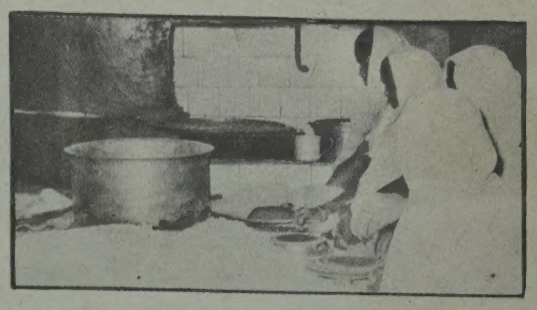
THIS WEEK

JUNE 16 — 22, 1979

WOMEN IN JAIL

A visit to a central jail and conversations with some of the women interns reveal interesting facts about their lives and crimes.
Page 10.



SURVIVING HEARTBREAK

There is always pain when an intimate relationship comes to an end.
But different people react differently to the pain and handle their post-breakup lives with differing levels of self-assuredness.
Page 14.

BRITAIN'S 'IRON' WOMAN

Margaret Thatcher has made history as the first woman head state of a Western nation.
. One astrologer's predictions for Britain's 'fighting lady'.
Page 23.

ARE MEN MORE 'SEXY'?

It is fairly obvious that women seem less interested in public manifestations of sex than men. What could be the reason why? Men speak.
Page 42.

THE STRAIN OF TRAINS

It is practically impossible to get a train booking at short notice — except, of course, through unauthorized, mostly crooked, persons. Why does this have to be so?
Page 48.

ALSO

Eve Today : B. Kamala, banking with confidence — **Page 13** Film Interview : Persis Khambatta, it's professionalism that counts in Hollywood — **Page 21** Colour Feature : Ceramics — **Page 24** Woman in Focus : Rashida Khorakiwala, psychiatric social worker — **Page 31** Special Children's Story — **Page 26.**

REGULAR FEATURES :

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Young Viewpoint/**17**, Short Story/**18**, Fashion/**28**, Comics/**32**, Cooking/**33**, Beauty/**39**, Passing Through/**40**, Hiya Honey/**47**, Frankly Speaking/**51**, People and Events/**52**, Horoscope/**54**.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

BLACK IS . . .

How frequently, and casually, do we use such phrases and terms as: "Black List", "Black Spot", "Black Money — White Money", "Fair — Unfair", "White as an Angel", and a horde of similar ones, all equating whiteness with virtue, and blackness with vice or wickedness. What nobody realises is that such words, which are also used to describe the complexion or skin colour, unconsciously instil in one's mind the idea that "White" or "Fair" people are also correspondingly 'good' while the dark-coloured or "black" people automatically become bad or evil. It would be better, therefore, that a move should be made to ban such words or terms from our vocabulary, or else replace them with the names of colours which do not relate to anyone's skin colour, like "Red" and "Green" instead of "Black" and "White" or "Grey" and "Blue", etc.

Such verbal changes will not, perhaps, bring about alterations in attitude instantaneously, but they will certainly go a long way in changing, even though gradually, the universal, subconscious, contemptuous and rejecting attitude towards black or dark people or races.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR, Baroda

We suppose it will take a lot of doing. Centuries of ingrained belief that "black" denotes evil and contempt, cannot be wiped away overnight. But, already, there are cries of "Black Is Beautiful", and there is a change in attitude towards dark-skinned people. However, in our terribly colour-conscious country, there is now a somewhat "patronising attitude ("she is dark, but attractive"), which is equally disturbing. . .

2nd PRIZE

VIS-A-VISA!

Nowadays everyone wants to go abroad to earn money. Whatever the odds, they want to leave their country as soon as possible. My father is also abroad earning money for his family. It is a great strain on him, as he is the only earning member, and though he is earning well everything is being spent on our education and other necessities. But people generally think that if a person is abroad, and also has a good job, then he is rich.

I am the eldest daughter and soon I will complete my studies and become a doctor. Now my parents want to get me married. There have been many proposals and, at last, they have chosen a Doctor for me. But it is not easy to get a daughter married. Earlier, if a girl wasn't well-educated, she didn't have as many proposals as a working girl. But, now, even if a girl is highly educated, the demands from the boy's side are still there. In my case, apart from a heavy dowry, there is still another thing which is being demanded. They want my father to arrange for a visa and call their son over as it has become difficult to go abroad. So they first want to make sure that they will get a visa and only then will they agree to the marriage. I think this is another kind of blackmail on the boy's part. When do you think these boys will stop thinking they are so much superior to women, and whatever they demand will be fulfilled? I am sure I can never think of marrying a man who wants to marry just for his career and future.

SAMY, Hyderabad

"These boys" will stop thinking they are superior when girls like you put their foot down and refuse to be intimidated by their demands. If marriage has to depend on such terms, better no marriage!

3rd PRIZE

ONE, AT LEAST?

Recently a close relative of mine lost her husband. The death was sudden, due to heart attack. Poor woman, at the age of thirty, life seems dark and gloomy to her. Fate has been cruel to her, because she has no children, too. At this moment of utter desperation I realise how much she longs for a child— for, a child would give her some consolation, and the will to cling to life and make the best of it.

Considering such cases of early widowhood, don't you feel that a child is essential soon after marriage? Of course, to want to have a child soon, anticipating widowhood, is terrible — but opting for childlessness is also not sensible.

Let us have at least one child, if not children!

SHANTHI VARADARAJAN, Bangalore

You can't go through life anticipating each step, each "likely" event. Better to take life as it comes, and do what you think is best under the circumstances. Actually, young widows without children are better off than young widows, with!

HA! WOMEN'S LIB!

Talking of Women's Lib, Indian women — especially the married women of Gujarat from big, joint families — fit nowhere in the frame. Leave alone equal rights, we don't even have the liberty to wear the clothes of our choice! Once we have entered our married life, our mode of dress has been fixed. We can't wear anything except the saree. I am 26 years old and I do wish sometimes I could wear some mod dresses. I am not even talking of wearing Western dresses like skirts, jeans, etc., but we can at least be allowed to wear a simple, decent Indian dress like the salwar-kameez, which covers the body with its 'chunni'. But, no! Once I dared to do so in the absence of my in-laws; the next day I got such a firing, I just shut my mouth. Where do we stand in this jet age?

MRS. C. SHAH, Gujarat

First of all, women's lib has nothing to do with the mode of dress. We know of women who wear only the saree (even the "orthodox" nine-yard saree) and who are among the most liberated and emancipated we have ever seen. It is your mind that matters, not your dress.

SOUR DELIGHTS

Adjoining our building, separated by a concrete wall bordered with spiked bits of broken glass, is an orphanage housing destitute and abandoned girls; and in the compound of this orphanage is a mango tree. Come summer, the tree gets laden with the green fruit that sets off a tickle in every tongue and a longing in every eye that views it. To the orphan children, whose lives are so insular, so deprived of the million joys that overcrowd the lives of more fortunate kids, this mango tree is a source of annual delight. They pelt it with badly-aimed stones, hailing each green mango that drops, with a huge cheer of victory. But to the self-centred flat-owners in our building, those stones showered by the innocent kids, pose a threat to their windowpanes and to the limbs of their own children playing in the compound. So they scream and shout, rave and rant, across the compound wall, not stopping to think that at least in the Year of the Child, if they cannot do a good deed to light up the face of a "nobody's child", they should certainly not cheat it of the joy derived from such a simple prank.

PRADEEP GANGULY, Bombay

Little orphans, however destitute, cannot be immune from discipline and respect for other people's rights. We agree that pelting a mango tree with stones to bring the fruit down is one of the delights of childhood — but not when it can hurt others.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

PROMISES, PROMISES

Anuradha Ghandy's article entitled "The Black Bill" (April 28) was interesting. The Janata Party came to power promising a sweet future with speeches and slogans in support of democracy and human rights. With this Bill, the Janata Government is really going back on whatever it said at the beginning. It seems the law-makers do not understand that whatever the working class has achieved during the past 30 years has been through bargaining with the employers, and through the use of strikes. In a strike, it is the employees who stand to lose, not the employers.

Our current government is for looking after the interests of the employer. For example, the fine for lockouts and strikes are more or less the same for the employer and the employee, when it is obvious that employer can pull on for a year or so with his factory closed whereas an employee can barely manage for a week without pay.

Our ministers are talking a lot about employees participating in the management of a company. How can this succeed if the final say in a dispute is in the hands of the board of arbitrators?

C. P. RAJENDRAN, New Delhi

STOP INSULTING US MALES

In response to your article on eve-teasing in Delhi by Ila Kapoor (May 5) I write to let you know that every Delhi male is not an eve-teaser. Adam-teasing is also common in Delhi. Girls in my colony block a lonely boy's path and heave abuses at him! I warn you to stop publishing any further articles about the menace of eve-teasing and insulting us males or you'll find articles being published about Adam-teasing.

ANONYMOUS, New Delhi

UNDERESTIMATING EVE-TEASING

The article on eve-teasing in Delhi (May 5) was very well-written. People often tend to underestimate the crime of eve-teasing. The authorities say that they have more serious crimes to attend to. But what about the victim? The young girl often has to suffer in silence. She has to put up with vulgar comments and roving hands. She often keeps quiet because she does not want to make a scene in public. This makes the eve-teasers even more daring. The Delhi girls took a very admirable step in organising a procession to highlight the fact that the authorities were ignoring their plight. It is high time the authorities realised their negligence and took firm steps to stop this ever-increasing racket of eve-teasing.

ANJANA MAITRA, Rourkela

CHIVALRY IN CALCUTTA

The article on the extent of eve-teasing in Delhi buses (May 5) has shaken most Calcuttans to the core. It is disheartening to read that women in the capital are being treated thus.

Though Calcutta is a "problem city", eve-teasing is not one of its major problems. A girl travelling in a Calcutta bus suffers no male advances, because the eve-teaser will have to face the wrath and fury of the 40 passengers in the bus if the girl makes even a feeble appeal for help.

And, compared to the "indifferent" conductors of Delhi buses, the Calcutta conductor is an epitome of courtesy and friendliness. He signals to the ladies when their respective stops are due to arrive, so that they can move up to the door, and when the stop is reached he informs the driver that a woman is going to get off the bus. The driver then stops the bus for a few extra seconds so that the woman can get off with ease.

MUKTA NAIN, Calcutta

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JUNE 23

DISCOVERING KUTCH: The desert is full of surprises

What better time to explore the largely neglected but fascinating area of Kutch than this week, when the people of the region are celebrating Ashadhi Beej: in a special supplement, we present the variety, charm, creativity and dynamism of the desert and of its people.

* **Meeting the women who create the exceptionally beautiful handicrafts of Kutch.**
* **Winds of change — from confinement behind the purdah to full-time working days.**
* **The Kanbi women — along with embroidery, construction work. An extraordinary community.**
* **Special cookery feature: serve up a simple but delicious Kutchi meal.**
* **Special fashion feature: the beauty of Kutchi embroidery.**

Plus all our regular features.

WOMEN IN A PRISON

N. Bharathi

Once upon a time, the word, "prison" evoked images of a dark, black hole, a sort of hell on earth. The women's section in the Yeravada Central Prison, however, banishes such ugly pictures from the mind. It is most certainly not a heaven on earth. But, prison conditions which, in the past, came in for much criticism from the public, seem to have changed for the better at least on the surface.

Women prisoners who are housed in the same building as the men (as it is in most jails, especially the sub-jails), invariably have it rough all through their stay. The men live in more enviable conditons, and are often a source of danger to the women around (unless a tough, dedicated matron is on duty **all** the time).

The women prisoners of Yeravada are huddled together in a completely separate building across the road. This straightaway eliminates any danger of assault or rape or dangerous liaisons, and gives the women a chance to form a group by themselves and live as they please (under the given circumstances). Unlike the inhuman conditions one reads about, the Yeravada Central Prison presents a neat picture. It is in the smaller, sub-jails that prisoners are packed like sardines and subjected to humiliating living conditions.

Going by outward appearances, the only ominous indication of a prison is the huge, padlocked gate that leads to the women's section. It is opened and closed with a vigilance that is obviously necessary. But once inside, the visitor could very well be deluded into feeling that it is the inside of a women's ashram.

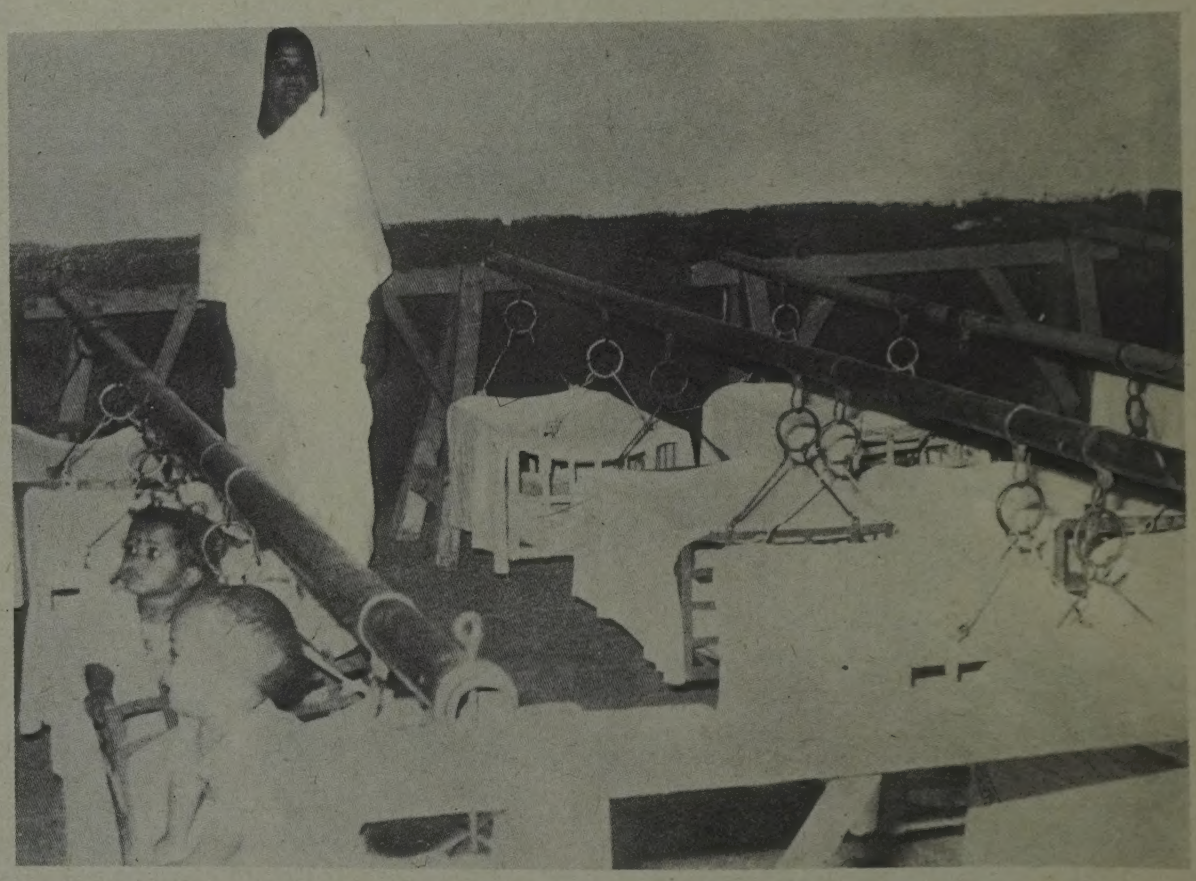
A BALWADI FOR THE KIDS

In a spacious compound, on the left hand side are two interesting rooms. One is the Balwadi where prisoners' children up to the age of three are kept (after that, if there is no family to accept them, they are sent to a Remand Home). The Government provides each child with food, a roof and two sets of clothes. About a dozen well oiled, powdered kids (with kaajal smeared in their eyes — obviously for the benefit of visitors) stare with curiosity.

Humbly following a uniformed jail officer's instructions, the kids go through a ritual of "namaste" and burst into the song, "Jai Jai Santoshi Maa".

Next is a kitchen where four or five women cut vegetables and knead dough. This is a new and welcome addition to the women's section where they cook their own food. "Those who have an aptitude for cooking, cook for the rest. Three or four of them do it in rotation," said the Superintendent. A plate with two thick bhakri chappatis and alu ki bhaji is brought out and displayed. This is what the convict eats twice a day with a cup of kanji in the morning.

Standing outside the kitchen, with her head bowed, is Kalavati, draped in an orange saree. A handful of women in orange sarees are visible at strategic positions all over the compound. They are the convict overseers (C.O.) in contrast with those in green who are the ordinary prisoners. The c.o. chosen after a careful study of her case and behaviour, is given different duties like guard duty, supervision of the Balwadi etc.



Babies of women prisoners in the Balvadi attached to the Yeravada Jail with a convict overseer.

The barracks, huge halls, empty during the day, are crammed with prisoners at night. They are locked in, and have one toilet per barrack for night use. There are 25 toilets for day use, in the compound. The authorised capacity is 126 prisoners, but the Superintendent says that upto 400 prisoners can be accommodated. "The only thing is, we have to take extra care about sanitation, get the toilets cleaned two or three times a day, get food from the main kitchen to feed so many, use more phenyle and provide more water for bathing and drinking."

A small side entrance leads to a separate barrack for the undertrials. The undertrials (whose cases are still pending) are not allowed to be interviewed by the press. They wear their own clothes, are allowed home food, do not have to work and are allowed liberal interviews with their families and lawyers. But being an undertrial is often said to be worse than being a convict. An undertrial is within the four walls of a prison even before she is proved guilty. The jail authorities however claim that the 300 out of 320 cases are decided within three months. It is only the more difficult cases of dacoity and murder which take longer to be disposed of by the courts of law.

Once convicted, the jail authorities claim that they are kept in a quarantine yard and given a medical check-up. "The ones suffering from any disease or mental instability are segregated." The convict is then produced before a work allotment committee which decides what treatment each prisoner should be given, based on individual needs, problems and personal background.

There is an orientation talk given to the group, explaining the rules, punishment for breach of rules, their rights, remission for good work, remission for blood donation, wages for work, punishment for refusing to work, etc. "The prisoners are aware of their rights. They talk amongst themselves." The authorities also point out that besides giving them postcards to write home, there is a liaison officer to make them aware of their legal rights and that every possible help is given to convicts for various appeals.

In the compound, film music blares from a speaker. For an hour, the prisoners get to hear this music every day. Recreation has necessarily to be created by the prisoners themselves. Except for an occasional visit by the mobile television unit, the prisoners can be amused only by playing hu-tu-tu, kho and other games. Books and papers can be provided but the majority of prisoners are illiterate.

While male prisoners have a variety of

occupations to choose from, the women have a restricted area. The only work they are given is tape making, tailoring, making button holes and cleaning and pounding tamarind seeds (used in large quantities in the kitchen).

Inside a big barrack, the women are bent over their respective jobs and cast surreptitious glances at the occasional visitor. Like the children in the Balwadi, the women burst into a Marathi song when the Dy. Superintendent asks them to.

Again the feeling that you've chanced upon a women's ashram hits you. The only visible sign that you are in the midst of convicts is that they don't look you in the eye. Invariably, the head is lowered, almost as if they hang their heads in shame.

Gathered in this quiet, silent place is a congregation of convicted criminals — women who've murdered, kidnapped, robbed. There are approximately 32 women murderers on this particular day. Six of them have been convicted for infanticide which is followed by those convicted for the murder of their husbands and in-laws.

MURDER WITHOUT PHYSICAL VIOLENCE

Unlike the men across the road, the women murderers have invariably resorted to drowning or poisoning their victims. Physical violence is rarely used by women, unless the victim is caught asleep. It is intriguing that almost all the women hail from rural areas and are illiterate. Forced to go through literacy classes every morning, the women just about manage to learn how to write their names, before the sentence is over.

A study of their case histories points to the age old course of the Indian rural woman — an unhappy marriage, difficult in-laws. Kalavati, a c.o. now, is the classic example of a woman pushed into marriage at the tender age of 11. According to her story, her husband, a drunkard, beat her regularly and also ill-treated her sexually. Kalavati has been behind bars since '73, with a life sentence passed on her for poisoning her husband. She admits that she mixed poison in his tea and is unrepentant about what she did. Her daughter, now 7 years old, stays with her mother-in-law and is not allowed to visit her. "I will go back to my father after release," said Kalavati quietly. She is not even 30 years old. But her one and only experience with marriage has been bitter enough for her to say, "I will never get married again." As a c.o. supervising the kitchen, Kalavati makes 31 paise per day.

INDIAN JAILS HAVE EARNED A GOOD DEAL OF NOTORIETY ABOUT THE CONDITIONS PREVAILING IN THEM. BUT HERE WE HAVE A PICTURE OF WOMEN PRISONERS IN THE YERAVADA JAIL WHICH IS NOT ALL THAT TRAGIC

In '76, charged with the murder of her husband's first wife, Vatsala was imprisoned. She has two kids and claims that she will go back to her husband and home after release. On closer inspection, it is however revealed that her relations with the in-laws are strained. While she says that her relations with her husband are sound, it is also learnt that he visited her only when she was an undertrial. After her conviction, he hasn't visited her even once.

ABOVE: Children of women prisoners at play supervised by a convict overseer.

BELOW: The kitchen of the jail with women prisoners busy making chapaties.

Nanda who came in '75, pleads not guilty. She was charged with the crime of burning her mother-in-law to death. Nanda has a background that is sordid, sad and tragic. Her father, supposed to be an unsavoury character lives with his second wife. Her husband has remarried. Nanda lives listlessly from day to day. "After release, I'll probably go to an ashram," she said.

Of course, all the cases are not so tearful. Jayshree has been convicted for the alleged kidnapping and murder of her neighbour's kid (she pleads not guilty and has filed an appeal).

There is one habitual from Bandra, Bombay, who walks in and out of jail for thieving, contraband etc. There are many repeaters in this jail, with prostitutes forming the bulk.

Ratnabai denies it. But her case history hints at illicit relations she is supposed to have had when her husband, a man many years older than her, was away at work in Bombay. The story goes that when she heard her husband was returning to the village, she jumped into the well with her two kids, to escape a thrashing from her husband. Ratna-

Continued on Page 47

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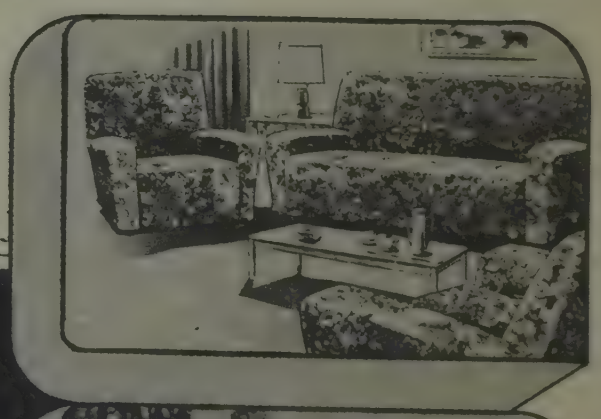

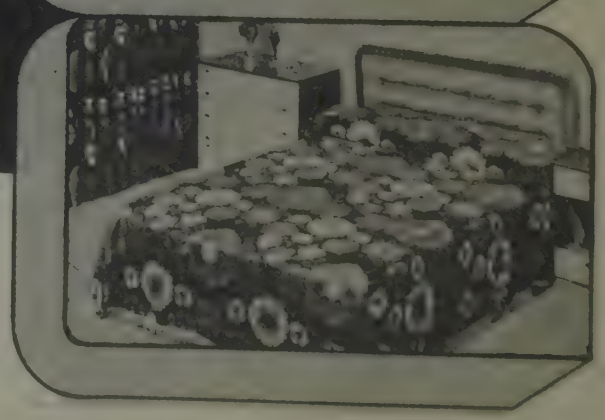

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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

B. KAMALA

BANKING IS A SERVICE

"I don't know particularly how I feel about it. In fact, I am not conscious of it, and I personally don't wish to be like that all the time. I would like more women to be taken in important positions rather than be proud of it. That's no compliment. I don't want to be singled out. . ." said Mrs. B. Kamala when queried about how she felt like being the only woman Assistant General Manager of an important bank in India.

Exuding modesty, confidence and success, Mrs. Kamala today, is a top executive, yet a very unassuming, and lively lady. Presently working in the Canara Bank in Bangalore, she is totally involved in the growth of the institution. Joining as probationer in 1952 in the erstwhile Pandyan Bank Ltd. (which later merged with the Canara Bank) her way up has been a steady one. The choice, she says, "was not mine. It came to me as an accident, because I was not originally to take up this profession. I was just an ordinary housewife, having had no formal college education. My education was only up to the S.S.L.C. But when I lost my husband, I had to think of making a living for myself rather than simply sit and mope." Here she recalled with gratitude the encouragement given by her father who was then Managing Director of the Pandyan Bank Ltd.

Did she have to face any difficulties in her long years of service?

"I have been singularly fortunate. I did not have any difficulties as such because initially I had all the support and encouragement I needed from my father," she admits.

What were the factors responsible for the steady rise in her career?

"For one thing, it was my determination that having taken the decision to join the bank, I wanted to make it a real good career. I did not want to remain as a bank clerk. So I was all the time equipping myself with the necessary basic knowledge and keeping myself fully informed of the developments in the banking world. This was one basic effort on my part. At the time of the takeover of the Pandyan Bank by the Canara Bank I had a good start. Another matter of great encouragement was that they did not discriminate between me and the men in the service."

Does she consider her present assignment challenging and interesting vis-a-vis other public sector undertakings and government jobs?

"Definitely, no doubt about it at all. It is a very challenging job. Because what I am presently having to do as A.G.M. is something of which I did not have much experience and there are several aspects which call for original work. The work in all the departments under my supervision, is being done in an innovative manner. Present day banking is such that one has to be dynamic. We have to keep abreast of the latest developments. Even today, I make it a point to keep myself fully informed whether by way of reading newspapers, magazines and books or by discussions. It's an involvement in what I have taken up, in the growth of the institution, which serves both me and the institution."

While she asserted that women are given equal opportunities and are absolutely on par with the menfolk, she deplored the general attitude of working women, particularly those employed in banks.

"I am not too happy about them," she said. "They are not serious about their work. Though there may be a valid reason for this — their having responsibilities both at home and office, and thus having to function under a handicap — it cannot be an excuse for poor work. At least those who can devote their full attention should take up their career seriously."

Then she continued, "It is a vicious circle. Basically, one must have the inclination to go up and a desire to increase one's knowledge. For, unless one has the knowledge, one cannot have the confidence to go up. One has to strive to get rid of routine work. In a competitive world such as ours, we have to prove our merit if we want to go up. Once our worth is recognised, we are bound to go up. I never tire of saying this. We should justify our claim when we are fighting for our liberation."

Widely travelled around the world, Mrs. Kamala has undergone training for one year at the Vereins Bank, Hamburg, the Harris Trust, Chicago, for six months, and three months at the Bank of America in Hong-Kong. From her experience abroad, she feels "we, i.e. Indian women, are in a better position compared to our counterparts there." In America, she found the number of women holding responsible positions as officers comparatively low. Women, there, were also paid lower scales than the men.

She is also the treasurer of the Chinmayananda Mission activities and is also in its various committees.

When asked for a message for women working in banks in particular and other professions in general, she said, "Women should keep themselves busy and equip themselves with adequate knowledge to come up, whatever their pursuit may be. Whether man or woman, they should try to live up to their responsibility and make a mark. A woman should not sit back and say, I have got my limitations, I have got to take care of this and that. The busier a person, the more alert the mind.

"And we in the banking profession are in a more advantageous situation to serve our countrymen. To that extent we can do much more than those in any other walk of life. Bankers are the most blessed ones. We should consider ourselves particularly fortunate that we are in a bank. We have the maximum opportunity to serve the nation."

She firmly believes in being conservative to a certain extent and is very emphatic on the retention of a woman's modesty and values, which she says must be given priority, irrespective of the position and opportunities that come to her.

Indira Rao

CALLING ALL POPPETS!

Eve's Weekly invites you to, once again, join our Poppets on Parade. Send in photographs of your little darlings—daughter, son, niece, nephew, grandchild...just about every poppet in your family or, even, a friend's poppet.

Photographs (only black and white) must be sharp, clear, preferably glossy-finish and not smaller than postcard size. There will be no prizes and only selected pictures will be published in Eve's Weekly. Please mention the name of the child and the age at the back of the photograph. The age limit is up to 8 years.

Closing Date: June 22.

And remember, No tiny pictures, please.

SURVIVING A HEARTBREAK

Mala Vaishnav

Kirti is a final year Science student. She was "almost engaged" to her steady boyfriend till a month ago, when he abruptly snipped off their togetherness cords and coolly proposed to her best friend. "Oh, I could kill her!" she stormed. "How dare she! He's mine, I'll get him back," and she burst into wild angry sobs. Ironically, she blamed her friend more than the unfaithful lover.

Ten days later, Kirti was the most cheerful girl on the campus. Linking her arm with that of a bespectacled youth, she smiled happily at her colleagues. Her reaction to her previous affair was typical. "Who wants him? He was such a bore, I only wish I had ditched him before he did!" Kirti's pride was the single emotion that had been bruised. Nothing else.

We hear so much talk of broken affairs resulting in shattered sentiments and collapsing of ideals, of suicide attempts and paranoia of the opposite sex, of the village youth staring longingly at a buxom belle for months and then diving into the family well when she gets married.

How much truth is there in these beliefs and how much is just plain myth? A random survey was carried out to gauge public reaction to this problem.

"It is purely relative," said Madhuri, the wife of a prominent industrialist. She was in love with a Catholic boy for six years. They were totally involved with each other and continued meeting regardless of parental opposition on both sides. "As my graduation drew near, I was subjected to humiliation, beatings and boycott at home. I was so miserable that my health deteriorated and I was on tranquillisers all the time." In spite of all the hostility, she didn't have the guts to run away. "I gave in to an arranged marriage and today I have two kids. My husband is a wonderful person and we are very compatible. He knows about my past and thinks it is best forgotten."

Possessing a buoyant nature, Madhuri was able to put her misery behind her and adjust to her present circumstances. An understanding and patient husband helped matters. "If I see that guy again, I'm sure we will meet as friends because he recovered from the affair too. He has three kids now," she laughed.

Sujata, also married, however, still carries the scars of her first heartbreak. When she heard of the break-up her first reaction was of disbelief. "I was shocked and cried for days. I wouldn't touch food and fell terribly ill. I followed him from place to place like a Zombie, till one day he had to literally shake me off. I married on the rebound," she confesses and judging from things, is not too happy. Hypersensitive, she is prone to brooding about the past. "I still can't figure out why he got tired of me," she sighed.

Kirti, Madhuri, Sujata were all in their twenties when they faced their first heartbreak. They are young and believe that time is a great healer. But Roma thinks otherwise.

At 38, she was a broken woman. After twelve years of marriage, her husband left her for another woman. "My whole world collapsed. I could not believe it. We were so happy. I had to control my tears and keep cheerful because of the kids. They didn't really understand and thought daddy was going to come back. How could I ever explain to them?"

A normally, healthy woman, Roma took to popping pills every hour. She suffered from insomnia, migranes and nervous tension. Her in-laws taunted her, blaming her for the trauma and that hurt even more. "I suppose I will get over it and carve a career for myself, but how can I ever forget the only man in my life?" she had said tearfully.

On the other hand, Dinesh, a sales executive of an engineering firm at the time, retained his sense of humour and responsibility towards his children, after his wife divorced him two years ago. "She refused to take the kids since the foreigner she married dislikes them." Rather than fight the case he agreed to take custody of his sons. He admits that it shattered him at first.

"It was all so sly, this affair she was having behind my back and what really hurt was that the American was my colleague in the firm. I would spend all my evenings boozing in the club, till one day I woke up to the fact that I had kids at home!" At 35, Dinesh is still an attractive young man, but remarriage is out of the question. "It is wrong to judge the whole of womankind by the behaviour of one woman, but I'd rather not get entangled again." What about sex? "You don't have to get married for that," he grinned. "As for a child needing his mother to grow properly it's pure nonsense," exclaimed Dinesh. "I give them enough love and care and I promise they will be normal human beings!"

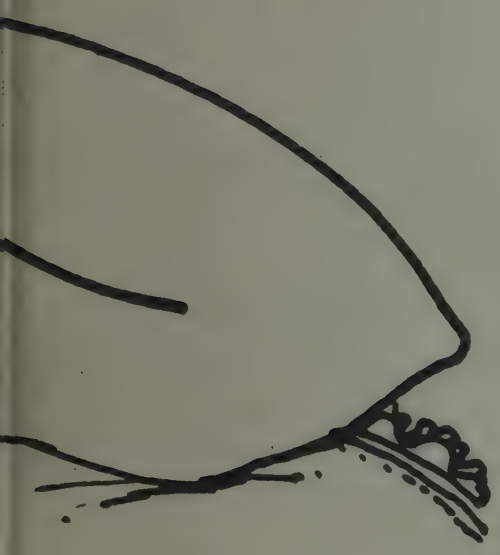
Dinesh, now Sales Manager, plays golf and tennis most evenings encouraging his sons in the field of sport. Roma is today, a successful cartoonist and illustrates a children's magazine in Hindi.

Surviving a heartbreak brings to mind the highly publicized

WHEN A LOVE AFFAIR CRUMBLES, OR A RELATIONSHIP TURNS SOUR, DOES YOUR HEART CRACK INTO TWO? OR DOES IT ENDURE THE CRISIS WITH A STEADY BEAT?

romances of our filmstars who think nothing of airing their sentiments in gossip columns of film journals or give special interviews on the subject.

After Rajesh Khanna's royal ditch, Anju's initial reaction was, "He's a rat!" Bitter and dejected at first, she nonchalantly attended a wild party on the night of Rajesh's wedding. Sanjeev Kumar found solace in food and booze after Hema turned him down. It



is said that he still nurtures a broken heart beneath his massive frame. Parveen Babi, following the termination of a "beautiful relationship" picked up the threads of her wayward career and is a much coveted leading lady today.

In direct contrast is the heartbreak, Ramanath endured. A 20-year-old labourer, he had a torrid affair with his boss's daughter who left him suddenly one day and married a boy of equal status. "I could not talk about my sorrow to anyone. I live by myself. I dislike liquour. I avoid my friends because they poke fun at my state. They bring all sorts of girls to me, but I'm just not interested. I hate everyone," he muttered miserably.

He works overtime every day and the sheer physical exhaustion enables him to snatch a few hours of rest. "I could never face sleepless nights," he mumbled. "I see her sometimes at the market but would not dare going up to her. Her husband is a real muscular guy," he concluded, glancing at his own puny form.

There are instances of broken love affairs being reflected in interesting personality traits, seemingly dormant before. Following a heartbreak, Neela, conservative and simple, soon became the most "available" girl on the campus, Mohan had a string of women at his beck and call after his fiancee jilted him.

Shamim shared a relationship with two men at the same time. As different as sugar and salt, one provided the physical stimulus in her life, the other, the savour of his challenging mind. When they both dropped her one day, she became a total recluse. "All my fault," she moaned. "I was having fun at their expense." Thoroughly repentant, she swears the next man in her life will be the one she marries!

Moira, a young receptionist in an advertising agency, was emotionally dependent on her fiance to such an extent that when she sensed a break-up in the offing she turned desperate and swallowed a dozen sleeping tablets. "There was nothing to live for after he left me," she said dully. The suicide attempt was foiled when her fiance rushed her to the hospital in time.

Once before, Moira had tried to end her life when she was involved in a quarrel in the agency. She comes from a broken home and has had a feeling of insecurity ever since she can remember. "I don't regret the attempts, I wish I was dead," she said. What Moira omitted to mention were the several harassing phone calls she made to her ex-fiance's office causing problems between his employer and him.

A common factor in dealing with a heartbreak was the instant reaction of disbelief giving way to a resigned sadness; of girls shedding tears and men taking to booze. But most of them recouped slowly, their mind opening to new ideas and people again. Many of them indulged in creative hobbies, taking comfort in books, music and scaling new heights in their profession. Barring Moira, the others never contemplated suicide as an escape. "It's not worth it," they all agreed.

The women would prefer not to encounter their previous "loves" again, "since it would be embarrassing for both," said Sujata. Dinesh's meetings with his ex-wife are unavoidable as she spends a month with the kids every year. "It's all right, we hardly talk, she doesn't live in the same house," he said.

Ramesh, a young doctor qualifying as a Paediatrician says that when his girlfriend refused to meet him again, "I could not feel depressed because in those days, my circumstances would not allow me to do so. I had just joined medical college and we were in the thick of the ragging scene. How could I brood about my condition, when I was constantly on my toes trying to avoid my seniors?" Ramesh has a roving eye for pretty girls and is not afraid of being jilted again. "It's all in the game," he shrugs. "People sometimes get tired of each other. You just have to accept it."

For Mrinalini, it was a different experience altogether. As the months passed, she made little irksome discoveries about her fiance. She was hopelessly in love with him, his looks, his voice, till she learnt of his addiction to alcohol and later helped him home on two occasions when he was dead drunk. She screws up her nose in disgust as she recalls his temper and manhandling of a servant, his terrible tight-fistedness, his antiquated beliefs when he objected to her wearing a certain fashionable dress.

"The day I terminated our engagement, I was heartbroken! I felt so horribly guilty and depressed. I loved him a little even then, but if I had not said 'adieu' when I did, perhaps we would have ended up hating each other. We were not compatible at all, except physically," she says. Mrinalini slowly conquered her listless state when she immersed herself in a new hobby, that of creating her own jigzaw puzzles.

Jeremy Thorpe (50), former Liberal Party Leader, once a rising star of British politics, is on trial for plotting the murder of a former male model in order to prevent him from making public the alleged fact that Thorpe shared a homosexual relationship with him in the '60s.

One wonders at the intensity of emotion Thorpe's wife must have undergone on hearing about the scandal suddenly brought to light. It would be interesting to learn how she has withstood this ordeal of heartbreak and disillusionment.

"Many 'courtship marriages' are based not on love but on an idea of love and great expectations," said a leading Clinical Psychologist and Counsellor in Bombay. 'He does not treat me like he used to', is a common complaint," she added. She felt that after the honeymoon period was over and the husband began taking sides with his mother against his career-oriented wife, it was a major source of heartache for the woman. And the trouble was that in nine cases out of ten, the wife just wallowed in self-pity instead of standing up for her rights. "So much pain and suffering is self-inflicted," said the counsellor.

She also discovered numerous instances of a sister-in-law-brother-in-law relationship prevalent in joint families. Very often, especially in a family which is predominantly male, the boy nurses a deep emotional and physical attachment for his elder 'bhabi', turning to her for advice, showering her with compliments and love. Flattered, she usually responds eagerly to the attention, living up to his image of an "ideal" woman.

Many a time it was the bhabi who was responsible for her brother-in-law's first encounter with sex. This could go on for years till he brought a girl home or got married. Then his bhabi would suffer a severe shock, releasing her resentment and anger on her husband and children and treating the newcomer very shabbily. "Sometimes, even blackmail is attempted," said the counsellor.

Of young people undergoing mental tension following a break-up, she found that boys are hit as badly (if not more) as girls. "It's due to our faulty conditioning, that women act out their sorrow longer than men in keeping with the feminine image and boys control their emotions for fear of being branded a sissy.

"I know college-going youths who took to drugs, alcohol and frequented brothels after a broken love affair. Some even blackmail their ex-girlfriends, mostly with old letters and gifts.

"Counselling alone cannot patch up a frayed relationship or a fractured marriage," she explained, "but it makes people think and gives them an opportunity for self-analysis. Ultimately, it always depends on the person him/herself."

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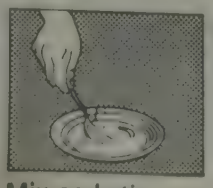
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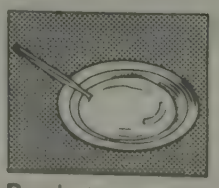
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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

VRINDA KALKURA

THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

Vrinda Kalkura, an 18-year-old student of literature at Seethalakshmi Ramaswami College, Tiruchi, and a dancer, is fond of mountaineering.

The National Cadet Corps of Tamil Nadu, Tiruchi Division, have selected Vrinda for undergoing basic training in mountaineering at the Nehru Institute of Mountaineering, Uttarkashi.

"I didn't even know the basics of mountaineering and my knowledge about it was limited to what I had read in books. When I was selected for the training, I accepted it enthusiastically. But when I went there, I was really afraid. Having lived all my life in South India, I was accustomed to the hot climate of Tamil Nadu and I was afraid my bones would freeze in the North Indian cold. Moreover, when I saw the hefty North Indian girls who were to be my mates, I lost hope of ever completing my training," said Vrinda.

"Mountaineering is a tough but interesting sport. Even though I was scared in the beginning, as the days passed, I knew what we required was a strong mind rather than mere brawn.

"After finishing the theory classes, we selected 'Baby Shivling' (18,450 ft) for our practical training. We were surrounded by snow for miles and miles with no habitation at all.

"As I climbed towards the summit, in spite of becoming tired, I felt a deep thrill and when I reached the top of Baby Shivling before the others, I was speechless," exclaimed Vrinda.

She was awarded an "A" grade in the course. The School of Mountaineering presented Vrinda with a plaque which has a snow axe engraved on it.

Vrinda's father is an ophthalmologist and her mother, a concert singer. Apart from her studies, she excels in Bharatha Natyam. She has given many stage performances also.

Added to all these, she is one of the best cadets in the N.C.C.

"In 1973 I participated in the Republic Day parade and had the good fortune of being selected the best cadet of Tamil Nadu and Pondicherry and the third best cadet at the All India level."

When asked about her future plans in mountaineering she said, "My cherished ambition is to be the first Indian woman to set foot on Mount Everest!"

Shanthi Gopalan

Love's Conditions

As a child, I was often told by my parents that I would get such and such thing **if** I fared well in the exams or **if** I behaved myself or **if** I would not insist on their taking me to the parties, clubs and theatres they frequented.

It was dinned into my ears that my superiors would love me only **if** I was good and obedient. At that time, I accepted these sayings as gospel truths. To win the love of everyone, I did exactly as they asked.

But with the passage of time, I began thinking about these conditions which had to fulfilled. As far as I can remember, not once did my parents mention that they loved me for what I was.

As I grew up, the conditions for winning their love became more stringent. I was expected to pledge allegiance to the family traditions and social conventions which my parents held so dear. I do admire the tenacity with which they cling to their traditions but to my mind, it is ridiculous to place your principles above the happiness of your child.

Many people can tell a moral 'wrong' from a moral 'right' but how many can reassure their children that: "our happiness lies in yours and we will stand by your side even if the whole world turns against you"?

Rajee Gill

On behalf of the Convent Girls' High School, Dadar, Sheila Miranda receives the Glaxo Green Bombay trophy from Mrs. Sunshine Pereira, wife of Mr. G. I. Pereira, Director, Family Products Division, Glaxo, after the completion of a project held by the school, Glaxo and Bombay Municipal Corporation to beautify Nardulla Tank Maidan.

LIVE AND LET DIE

Poonam S. Kohli

TWO hours had passed since she had forced her eyes to close, covered herself with a blanket, changed her position in the bed, but sleep still evaded her. It was very tiring to lie on the bed and wait for sleep. It was as if time had stretched out in her room and was squatting on her floor determined not to move. There was an all-pervading darkness and stillness, disturbed occasionally by the noise of Somesh, her younger brother's snoring. He was sleeping in the verandah outside her room. Even though she had closed the only window of her room, the sound was audible.

"Why do you want to suffocate yourself?" Old Mehtani Sahib had asked her in the evening.

"Suffocation brings me peace," she had replied in a leave-me alone tone. Mehtani Sahib had gone after some time, but she could still feel a violent thumping at her window as if Mehtani Sahib was trying to break it open. She had thrown herself back on her bed. Her arms had become wet with perspiration and her legs were trembling. She felt as if in the last two hours she had gone absolutely gray, weak and old.

Nine years ago she had similarly decided to lock herself up in her self-imposed exile, but her legs had not trembled at that time nor had she felt so weak. It was Kunal who had stood on the other side of the window at that time.

She had just got a job as lecturer in a college. That job of hers had brought a gleam of hope to her father's face which was gray because of the worries of bringing up his family. She knew that the other family members had practically starved themselves so that she could go to college, and now it was her turn to fulfil their expectations. She had summoned all her energy to do the job which she needed so much. Bharati Bhat had become very popular with the staff and students.

Walking down the long corridors of the college or in front of the principal's office, the most striking things one saw were her paintings and sketches bearing her name in a running hand. The paintings were hers, but her name on them was written by Kunal.

Kunal, mature, turning into his thirties, intelligent and confident. How proud he felt of her when he saw her standing in front of her canvas completing her painting, stroke by stroke. He sat quietly smoking his cigarettes and watching her. He was not very handsome, but love and warmth emanated from his personality.

In those days she had felt that she stood at the peak of happiness. Her job was satisfying, she was helping her family, her brother Ritesh had joined the engineering college and, most rewarding, she was in love with Kunal. For once she felt life was worth living after all.

She had almost forgotten how Kunal had entered her life, but the feelings with which she had passed every moment with him were still fresh in her mind. In six months they had perhaps been together for barely sixty hours, but the memory of those hours was a precious treasure of her life now.

"Do you like this poem?" he would ask her reading his latest composition.

"It is all trash," she would reply teasingly.

"You have no brains, how do you teach?"

"Ah, a military officer talking of brains! That's a good joke," she would say laughing, annoying him all the more.

How many times they had teased each other! Hot discussions turning into quarrels and then mutual apologies and friends again. In those days, for some time she had forgotten that anybody else besides Kunal existed.

One day Kunal was sitting with his fingers knotted into hers. "My mother has written again about my marriage, she has sent a couple of photographs of girls for my approval," he said. She knew his old mother was very anxious for his early marriage.

"So what have you told her?" she had asked, slowly coming face to face with reality.

"I have written to her that she may return the photographs. I have already selected my life partner."

The grip of his fingers on hers had tightened. "Have you asked the girl?" she asked, pretending ignorance.

"That is not important, I know her reply," he said with his usual self-confidence. "And anyway, I am asking you now."

He was looking straight at Bharati. Lowering her eyes, she had slowly replied, "I will have to think, Kanu. You know my parents, our financial problems. . ."

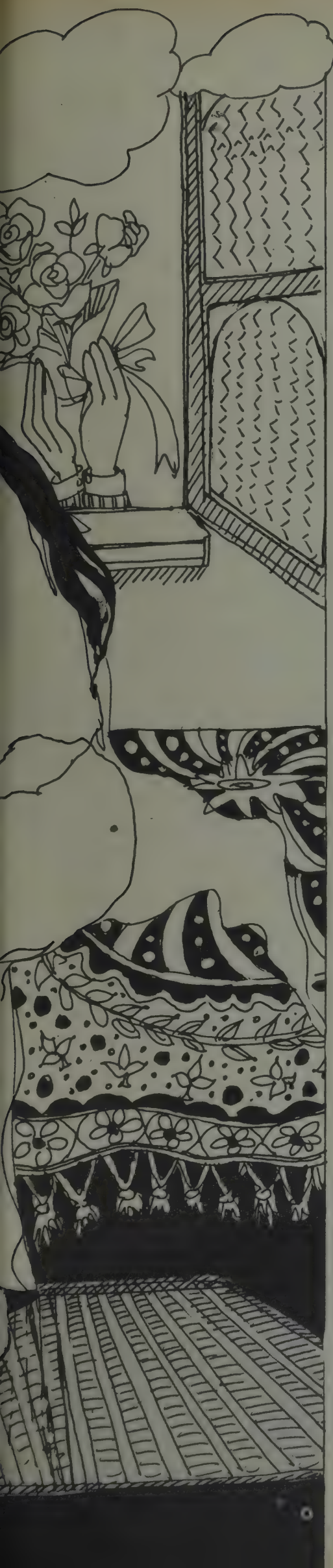
There was so much she wanted to tell Kunal that day, but he was not listening. His face had become bleak. He had gone away, promising to wait for her decision after she had discussed the matter with her parents.

She had gone to them that week-end. Her mother had as usual talked about rising prices and had cursed everybody in the Government. It was no use talking about Kunal to her, she would not understand anything. So she had come out of the kitchen and gone to her father. He was sitting on a cot and was shaving, balancing a small mirror against the old candy box which served as his shaving kit. As she was fumbling for words to bring up Kunal and his offer, he had started talking.

"Text-books on engineering are very expensive. Ritesh's college fees and hostel charges are almost double of what they were during your time."

While she was still searching for the proper words to introduce Kunal's proposal, her father continued, "If you had not got this job, Ritesh could have never gone to engineering college. I am retiring next month, I still cannot imagine what we would have done but for your salary."

The foam which covered the surface of the water in the shav-



ing mug was oppressingly dirty. She had immediately got up. Her mind was made up. She could not build a happy married life on the corpses of everybody else's future. Her family needed every paisa of her salary.

Kunal came to see her the next day looking as if he knew that she would return from her talk with her parents without even mentioning his name to them, as if he had come prepared for the final parting.

He was no Devdas who would go mad over disappointed love nor the type prepared to wait

SHE KILLED HER LOVE SO THAT HER FAMILY COULD LIVE, AND FOUND NO REWARD, NO COMFORT IN HER SACRIFICE. ALL SHE SUCCEEDED IN DOING WAS TO TURN HER LIFE INTO A DESERT

indefinitely. He was a matter-of-fact person and in a most matter-of-fact manner he had shouted at her, at the futility of her sacrifice and at the futility of her very life. He had most vividly painted for her the desolate future that awaited her. But nothing could change her mind. A strange power within her had made her firm and with that power she had borne the greatest loss of her life. Kunal had gone and got married. Perhaps to one of those girls whose photographs he had talked about.

She had felt lonely and broken for some time, but there were so many things to do — cooking, college tuitions — and the day ended without any time for mourning. She had to do a lot of tuitions now because her father had retired and she had to bear the entire expenses of her family.

Years rolled by with the same numb speed. Ritesh came out of the college, got a job in a private firm, but before she could feel any relief he got married to his managing director's daughter

Her parents started avoiding even the mention of her marriage. Her spinsterhood, to which everybody had got so used to now, seemed taken for granted. So was her financial support. Her younger brother Somesh had gone to the city for his college education. Time had worn out her individuality. The Bharati Bhat of nine years ago was dead. Both in her college and in her house she was like an old piece of furniture, always there, its presence hardly felt.

During this time when she had become absolutely careless about herself and had almost got reconciled to her predicament, she felt somebody taking a keen interest in her. It was Dr. Mehtani, who was looking after her mother, who had undergone a cataract operation in his nursing home. He was 15 years older than her and had divorced his wife. She observed with a certain irritation that the concern of the doctor was gradually shifting from his patient to the patient's daughter.

"When will you wash off this sad look from your face? Your mother is alright now," he would tell her almost everyday. She tried to ignore his remarks and his efforts to start a conversation with her, but he was very persistent. And by sheer persistence he was able to penetrate through the stern facade that she had built around herself in all those years.

While coming out of the nursing home after visiting hours she would suddenly find Dr. Mehtani's car stopping near her with Dr. Mehtani beckoning her to accept a lift. He would show a paternal concern for everything related to her. For years now she had not experienced what it was to be wanted. The happiness of being wanted and admired finally overpowered her and even after her mother left the nursing home, she could not break her relationship with the doctor.

Dr. Mehtani forced her to shake off the dust gathering on her and on her canvases. She had started feeling the need to look after her withering looks. And for that she went to beauty parlours to give herself a fresh look. The tender concern of Dr. Mehtani had made her pour colours again on her palette, and as the colours had started mingling on her canvas people around could not help noticing the change in her. Bharati Bhat, who had since long been forgotten, became a subject of low whispers in the staffroom. Her colleagues looked at her with sly smiles. It appeared as if every eye turned towards her and asked with a mocking glance, "Who is Dr. Mehtani?"

Now what was Dr. Mehtani to her? They had forced Bharati to think of what she was trying so desperately to ignore. "He has only a paternal concern for me," she would try to reassure herself. But in the deeper recesses of her mind she knew that the paternal concern was only a facade which covered their mutual need of companionship. She could not deceive herself. Theirs was a relationship which could never get a legal stamp.

Her circumstances had worsened during all these years. Mother had gone nearly blind, father had grown old and emaciated, one brother was lost in his marital bliss and the other had no interest in his studies. The dream that she once had with Kunal could never be fulfilled. Her family was her cross. She could not run away from it even after all these years. Dr. Mehtani, entangled in his own past, could not bring any salvation for her. She had entered a blind alley which had no outlet. She must stop before she was utterly wrecked and lost. After an ephemeral span of happiness, these thoughts had started constantly gnawing at her soul.

And today evening at last, exersising all her will power, she had torn herself away from the mirage she had been following. She had told Dr. Mehtani to leave her alone and not to see her any more. He had gone, but his quiet departure had thrown her into a severe mental turmoil. Why had she started all this, she asked herself, convulsed with pain. Why must all these Mehtanis throw useless pebbles in her stagnant pool of life? Why must they come and disturb her?

"Get out! Get out!" she shouted suddenly.

"Didi, you said something to me?" her brother was asking, roused from his sleep.

And she could not answer.

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Persis Khambatta :

"A STAR IS BORN"

Says London Evening News

Amita Sarwal

India's Beauty Queen makes good in Hollywood and a major film made there starring her is awaiting release

In the $30 million Hollywood production "Star Trek", which has also been a top favourite series on American TV for the past decade, Ilia is the beautiful, bald navigator from the planet Delta. She is also sensuous, slim and exuberant — and so in a way is Persis. But it is not typecasting. . .

"I was among 200 other aspirants who went for the auditioning of the female lead. My agent advised me to don a cap to look bald as that's what the role wanted. There were numerous screen tests. I was selected for the coveted role," says Persis Khambatta, who was holidaying in her home town recently.

But the decision to go bald? How did it effect her personal life? "As I said earlier, I knew that the role demanded of me to shave off my hair. The alternative, a cap, was tried but didn't look absolutely right. I didn't think of my personal life, I didn't bother whether I looked ugly or not, or whether people would laugh at me."

Maybe because of the courage of her convictions, she not only got accepted as she was, but also set a trend in L.A. The girls were wearing caps! This is just the initial effect, for the greater impact of the film has still to come.

"They'll end up spending another $10 million at least, on the build-up," its star said.

Starting on her first movie in 1975, Persis has consistently been making one film a year, and at the same time, gradually moving westwards, from UK where she started off, towards the land where anyone with any "starry" ambitions wants to reach — Hollywood.

After she started filming "Star Trek," she was offered movies on TV. "I was keen on taking them up, as that's immediate exposure and quick recognition. But my agent who knows best, asked me to hold on. He convinced me that TV movies still rated second best, and I should await the release of this movie and to let it speak for me as an actress. I think that's going to be the real beginning for me. Well, just to show how much it means to be cast in this film, initially I was the one running around, meeting people, asking for roles. But now they are coming to me, and I am getting the scripts," she said with a sense of achievement.

At the same time, Persis is keen on signing up and working in other movies which she wants released soon after "Star Trek," "so that I don't get typed as a baldie. Then like Yul Brynner, I suppose, I too will only be a hit with all this shaven off," and laughingly indicated her currently, shorter-than-crew-cut hair.

Even though she is "out West," she refuses to do any nude scenes, and has turned down many films on account of this. "I think it's because I was brought up that way," she said. "The inhibition is too deep rooted. Like for a scene in 'Star Trek' they needed an illusion of my being nude. I wore a skin coloured, skin tight outfit, with the nipples and all painted on them, making it look absolutely realistic."

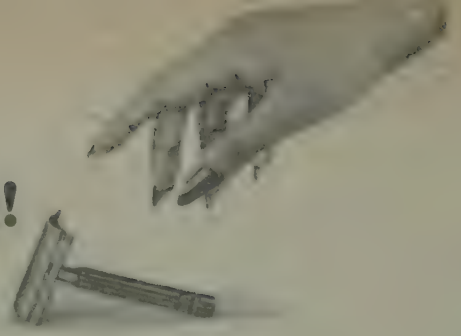
Speaking of the high standard of professionalism there, she said, "To start with, punctuality in all spheres is a must. The cast, sets, everything is ready with clockwork precision. A movie is usually completed in two to three months, and one can't take on more than one film at a time. And there is no letting down of commitments once made. Just in case, I have to reshoot a scene for "Star Trek" and I'm already working on another film, I can't do the old assignment till I've completed the new one I'm working on, even if it means just a day's work. Then, they are so particular about every tiny detail! I had to get my head shaved off practically every day, so that the stubble wouldn't show. And I remember a couple of times I got a few pimples on the head. Everybody was concerned. Was I having too many late nights? Was I upset about something? How paranoid the cameramen and directors were! They wouldn't shoot till my head was as smooth as an egg again," she related.

Of the not too good review the local papers gave her for her role in "Wilby Conspiracy," she said, "It doesn't bother me," and to prove it, she showed the London Evening News. There, under a photograph of hers, was the

Continued on page 45

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

Leave that razor alone!



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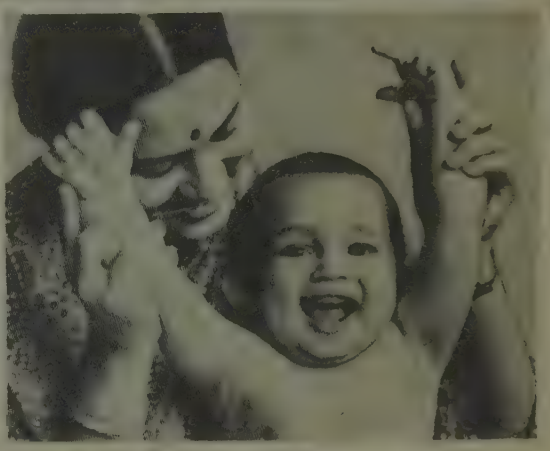

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Babycare that mothers trust

it happened to MARGARET THATCHER

This is how we had captioned our Cover Story .. in March 1975. It was the International Women's Year and Margaret Thatcher had just made history by becoming leader of Britain's Conservative Party — a remarkable accomplishment, considering that it happened in the Tory Party, with all its male chauvinists. Now, Margaret Thatcher has made bigger history. She has become Britain's (and the Western world's) first woman Prime Minister. Five years ago, Thatcher had pooh-pooh'd the idea that her victory had anything to do with Women's Lib. She is supposed to be a staunch defender of the middle-class values of hard work, ability and thrift. What does the future hold for Margaret Thatcher? Here is one astrologer's view...

COLLEGE GIRLS ASK ABOUT ABORTION

THE FUR IS GOING TO FLY!

The fur is going to fly, fast and furious, now that Mrs. Margaret Thatcher is the West's first woman Prime Minister. She is going to raise a shindy on immigration policy, socialism, education, foreign affairs, Britain's declining image. This October-born leader has iron in her soul. It was not for nothing that Mr. Ian Smith called her, "the only man in today's British politics".

Mrs. Thatcher will disprove the popular belief that Librans (she was born on October 18) are conciliatory, patient, persuasive, dithering and sweetly reasonable. The ancient Chaledeans never thought them so. Libra, the 7th sign of the Zodiac, is also associated with war, debating skills, confrontation, opposition, courts of law and judgement.

An analysis of her horoscope (birthyear 1925) by Western astrology, reveals moon-Saturn conjuncting in the war-like and secretive sign, Scorpio. The moon-Saturn union in Scorpio does mean, definitely so, that she holds fixed and final views on most subjects. She will break but not bend. One does not need to be an astrologer to predict that in the fluid world of politics rigid personalities are often thrown out.

There's a very helpful aspect (relationship, formation, juxtaposition) in her horoscope. Uranus, planet of inspiration and changes, is in excellent aspect with moon-Saturn, as well as the great Benefic, Jupiter. She is advised to trust her intuition not her logic, though in all fairness, she is not without critical faculties. Moods of sudden and almost uncontrollable depression will possess her, but her best moves will be made under their influence. That's the paradox.

Her birthdate 18, makes her a number 9 pesonality by numerology—1+8=9. The number 9 by the Hebrew Kabala is linked with the planet of energy, frankness, valour and daring, Mars. Number 9 personalities pack a punch, follow through a particular line of action to the bitter end, keep their word though the world might be against them, and zero in on the target without fear or favour! These traits are further bolstered in Mrs. Thatcher's case,

as there's the sun-Mars alliance in Libra. Both are fiery and forceful planets, brooking no nonsense and no opposition. It's a double-action, double-barrel, combination!

Her name by which she is popularly known, namely Thatcher, resolves to, T (4) H (5) A (1) T (4) C (3) H (5) E (5) R (2) totalling to 29. The mighty numerologist Montrose has this to say about the name number, "Denotes uncertainties, treachery, deception from others; foreshadows trials, tribulations and unexpected dangers; unreliable friends; grief and deception caused by members of the opposite sex; warning for future events."

Britain went to the polls on May 3 with the moon-Jupiter conjunction falling in the 11th house of gains, friendship, recognition and rewards, wish-fulfilment (as the ancients used to say) from Thatcher's sun in Libra in her personal chart. It has pole-vaulted her to the Premiership.

Thatcher's troubles will start from October 1980 as Saturn will begin the sojourn in her sun-sign Libra. True, Jupiter will also transit Libra from November the same year, but Jupiter will be out of Libra by November 1981, while Saturn will crawl along with crushing influence right up to November 1982. Deprived after November 1981 of Jupiter's benign protection, and therefore, directly under the sway of Saturn from November 1981 to November 1982, Mrs. Thatcher will crash! The difficult months from November 1981 to November 1982 are: December 1981 to January 22, 1982; March to April 22, 1982; June 23 to July 22, 1982; September to October 23, 1982. Strictly speaking. Thatcher's tough time starts from September this year, as Jupiter will be moving out of Leo by Western astrology.

Thatcher's lucky number are the 3, 6, 9 series, like 12=1+2=3,24=2+4=6, 27=2+7=9. Her auspicious colours are all shades of blue, a touch of violet, a little of golden yellow. The flowers are: violets and white roses.

Astrologers differ in the use of stones for Librans, but I would pitch in for the opal and the topaz, also lapis lazuli. My first preference, however, is topaz. Copper, very definitely, is the metal for Librans by Western astrology.

The lucky day is Thursday, and more so Friday; hart and hare are linked with Librans, the bird being the gentle dove, symbolising peace and love — rather an irony, when we consider the prediction that Thatcher's sway will be one of strife, a liberal use of sarcasm which hurts like a knife! With Thatcher in the saddle it's going to be a rough ride for one and all. Alas, she too will be taken for a ride.

Bejan Daruwalla

THE DEXTEROUS TOUCH

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

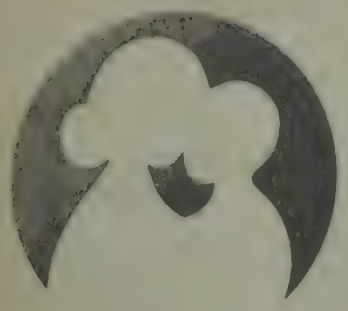
The first thing that catches the eye as you enter Laxman Ajgaonkar's bungalow-garden in the suburbs of Bombay is the imposing, awe-inspiring image of Shrideo-Vithoba, an incarnation of Shiva, sculpted by him for a temple in Sawantwadi, Maharashtra. His studio is a veritable treasure house of his unique ceramic creations in interesting forms and captivating colour combinations.

This reputed sculptor-painter has been experimenting with this fascinating medium through the years. "It is a continuous process...the possibilities are endless," he says.

His experiments reveal his successful handling of glass fusing. He has been able to achieve different glazes with intriguing colour gradations and textures through variations of temperature.

On these pages we have featured some of his recent works from his wide collection.

C.J.



RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

Nomita Grover

Babulal was in a highly disturbed state of mind. Of late everything had been going against him, making him feel increasingly unwanted at home. His parents accorded him little attention. His father who was an office-peon, ignored him completely. He had been recovering from a long illness and spent most of his days on a charpoy outside sleeping or smoking bidis. His mother was a highly irate woman who just yelled at him for no apparent reason.

So terrible! But it was his brother Ramlal whom he detested most; the bully! As far back as Babulal could remember that spoilt brat monopolised everything at home, grabbing at everything like a greedy hawk and commanding everyone's attention. Poor Babulal was mostly left to himself. He could stand it no longer — this unbearable unloved feeling. So he decided to leave home.

Where could he go?

Anywhere. True, he wasn't very familiar with this town with its intricate lanes and bylanes cobwebbing across it; but anything was better than this unwanted feeling, this humiliating discrimination.

He stood up from where he was sitting at the corner of the one-room tenement where they all lived; with a heavy heart he picked up the cloth-bag containing all his earthly belongings. The sooner he left home the better for everyone, he told himself. Sadly he moved out of the room.

There was no one in sight, only his father snoring away on the charpoy. He followed the narrow dirt road that joined the freshly tarred road out at front. Babulal had watched Arvind, his cousin go that way every morning. He himself had been that way several times with his parents.

He stood for a while at the junction where the dirt road ended and the pucca road started. The cloth-bag felt kind of heavy on his back; but under no condition he was going to leave it behind for that greedy hawk to grab! Moreover, the bag was a gift to him from his grandmother. She had visited them sometime back bringing a bagful of mangoes from the village. Later on, Babulal acquired the bag. At his age it was strenuous to walk with a heavy load on his back. He paused for a while to shift the bag on his back, then started walking again.

His red-and-white striped shirt reached way below his knees and the sleeves hung loosely around his arms. It had originally belonged to Ramu. Ramu was presented with a new set of clothes for Holi and the striped shirt was handed down to Babua. It was always Ramu at the centre of the picture, always the apple of their parents' eyes! Nobody cared for Babulal! The way that bully gobbled up one freshly baked chapatti after another while he himself sat fumbling with cold leathery stuff. No, once and for all Babulal decided to renounce that home and seek his luck elsewhere.

The hot morning sun glared down at him mercilessly — even the sun was cruel — as he walked on. The tarred road felt uncomfortably hot under his tender feet. The heat made him thirsty; beads of perspiration trickled down the sides of his cheek and neck soaking his shirt. With no hair-cut for quite a while, his long hair soaked in perspiration made him feel more uncomfortable.

The street was fairly crowded, but none paid him any attention. They all walked on briskly. Some gave him an indifferent look, others just looked the other way, Selfish world! Everyone just loved a bully — it reminded him of Ramu again. Only one woman with a bright red bindi on her forehead looked at him curiously and gave him a sort of half-smile; then she walked on hurriedly swinging the plastic basket in her hand.

He was now near the park. The tall trees alongside the park offered him some cool solace. He stood for a while in the shade. The park was neatly fenced off with a white painted iron grill. The grass inside looked soft and inviting, Babulal felt like lying down there and taking a nap. The warm breeze was heavy with the fragrance of unknown flowers and it made him more sleepy.

He stood watching the happy children inside swinging high in the air. One boy in a yellow T-shirt slid down a shiny stand, then noticing Babulal standing there made ugly faces at him. Just like Ramu! A girl appeared on the scene and upon spotting Babulal demanded loudly. "Why are you staring like an ape?"

Poor Babulal, he was just admiring the picture of a long-nosed, floppy-eared, funny-looking dog printed on the yellow T-shirt! Then a real dog appeared from nowhere next to the girl and snarled viciously at him. Babulal tore his eyes away from the park and started walking again.

A man pushing a wheelcart passed by. Babulal knew him; the man was a peanut vendor who sold peanuts to the locality. The aroma of the freshly-roasted peanuts made him hungry. Ramu always managed to acquire some money to buy a packet of those nuts without ever sharing with him a single grain of those crunchy nuts. If only he had some money with him, Babulal thought.

He had overheard Arvind's father talking one day to another man about the need to earn money — possibly to buy peanuts, Babulal thought. Nobody ever gave **him** any money, it was always Ramu who snatched at everything. Well, Babulal thought, someday he was going to have some money and enjoy freshly-roasted peanuts all by himself. He couldn't stop thinking of peanuts.

His tired legs carried him slowly onwards till he reached a big red brick building and stopped in front of it. He had seen Arvind many times entering that building, possibly a place where peanuts were a-plenty, Babulal thought. From outside he could see a number of children playing within the brick-enclosed compound. They all looked so happy — must've devoured lots of peanuts — Babulal thought. Well, he decided to join them.

A big, burly uniformed dur-

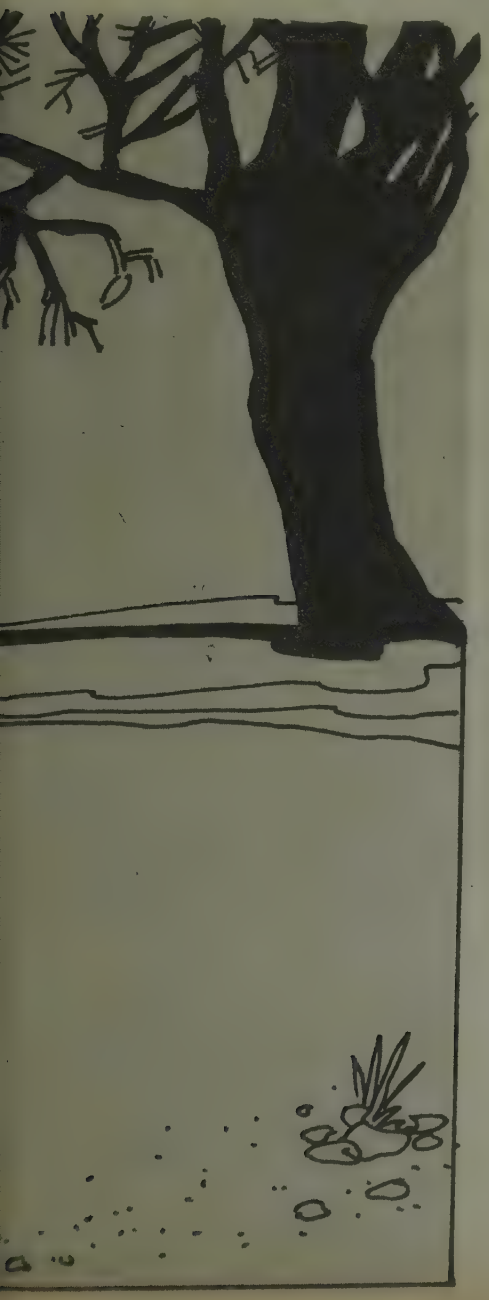
waan stopped him most unceremoniously at the gate. Babulal wasn't prepared for this kind of reception. He stared at the he-mountain in front of him demanding something from him. Babulal wanted to reply but his mouth was so dry not a sound escaped through his lips. Tears came to his eyes.

With a last effort to express himself he pointed to the children playing inside and mumbled something inaudible. The durwaan in reply yelled at him, "Bhaag yahaanse!" ("Get away from here!")

For Babulal it was the end of the world. He had left home that day, walked all morning under the angry sun, over the hot tar road. His mouth was dry, his throat was parched, there were rats gnawing inside his stomach, the aroma of the fresh peanuts still lingered in his nostrils, flies nagged him, his long hair pricked him, he was soaked with perspiration, his red-and-white striped shirt was soiled and now this big he-monster blocking his way!

His tired hands failed to carry any longer the heavy cloth bag with all his belongings; it slipped from his shoulder and fell on the ground with a thud. To make matters worse, what was that big puddle collecting between his feet?

Oh! I forgot to tell you Babua was only eighteen months old! He had only recently discovered the relationship between that strange sensation within him and that puddle between his feet; but he sure didn't want to make a public display of it! And every time it happened he received a spanking from his mother. He stood there helpless, staring around at the conspiring world. Then he lifted his chin up at an acute angle and opened his mouth wide.



It was not immediately clear whether he was yawning after a tiring walk, whether he wished to gobble up the entire universe to calm down the rats gnawing in his stomach, whether he was preparing himself to sing a popular qawaali, whether he was just snapping at the nagging flies, or whether he was training himself to be an eminent future football coach!

A few moments passed in eloquent silence before he let out that loud 'wa-a-a-a-a-an', a wail aimed against the durwaan's reluctance to let him in in particular and against the mean, selfish world in general. He let off all his frustrations and anger at a hostile world in a most vociferous manner.

The whole sequence of sight and sound just performed by him could very well be compared to the phenomenon of lightning followed by thunder! A lot of energy in him sparkled like a flash of lightning followed by the loud thunderous wail and a heavy downpour! You see it you hear it, and you sense it!

The durwaan was taken aback. He was just doing his duty in preventing stray visitors from entering the school premises. Hearing the noise at the gate a chaprasi arrived and asked. "Yeh kiska bachcha hai?" ("Whose child is this?") The durwaan shook his head expressing his ignorance.

The peanut-wallah in the meantime arrived on the spot and parked his cart beside the pavement. He gave one look at the toddler in the knee-length red-and-white striped shirt with a puddle between his legs and laughed aloud. Then he peered again at the child through knitted eyebrows and said, "I just saw him coming from that side." A rickshaw-wallah turned up and joined the onlookers. "Lagta hai kho gaya!" (Looks like he is lost) he commented.

HE WAS HURT, ANGRY, BITTER. NOBODY LOVED HIM, AND THE FAVOURITISM WAS BLATANT. HE'D TEACH HIS PARENTS. THE ONLY WAY WAS THE CLASSIC PROTEST — RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME!

One baffled banana-wallah with his fruit basket atop his head just stared at Babulal standing a short distance away, unsure whether to participate in the drama. A crow overlooking from a tree expressed himself unhesitatingly in an alien tongue, while a bearded he-goat chewed on something nonchalantly from under the tree.

Babulal had never been so humiliated in his life. As if all this wasn't enough, a group of children emerged from inside the school compound drawn by the commotion outside. One beastly looking boy with a grin on his face pointed to the others the puddle between Babulal's feet! It was like rubbing salt on his wound.

Prior to acquiring that striped shirt he had run about happily in his birthday suit around the slum where he lived. The acquisition of the shirt had been a promotion for him. It took him a while getting used to running about in a shirt several sizes too big for him. He took good care of his new acquisition, but now that it was soiled he was sure to recieve a generous spanking from his mother. If only he were big enough to beat up all the bullies in his life! Like Ramu and that he-monster in front of him! Now all his chances of buying himself a large packet of hot peanuts were lost. So close to him it was, so far from him now.

Rescue arrived in the form of Kamla-maasi, a neighbouring slum dweller who always heralded her arrival with that shrill, high-pitched voice of hers. After some brief strident notes, she caught hold of Babulal briskly and administered a solid thump on his rump! She then picked up his cloth bag and proceeded homewards dragging an un-co-operative Babulal in a most unsympathetic manner. Her shrill voice continued to echo from all corners.

To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Babulal reacted to his current condition with an unmatchable gusto and his firm unwillingness to go home. Nothing comforted his wounded soul. Most of what Maasi talked was unintelligible to him. What he did understand was being called a good-for-nothing spoilt brat whose panic-stricken parents were looking for him all over the town!

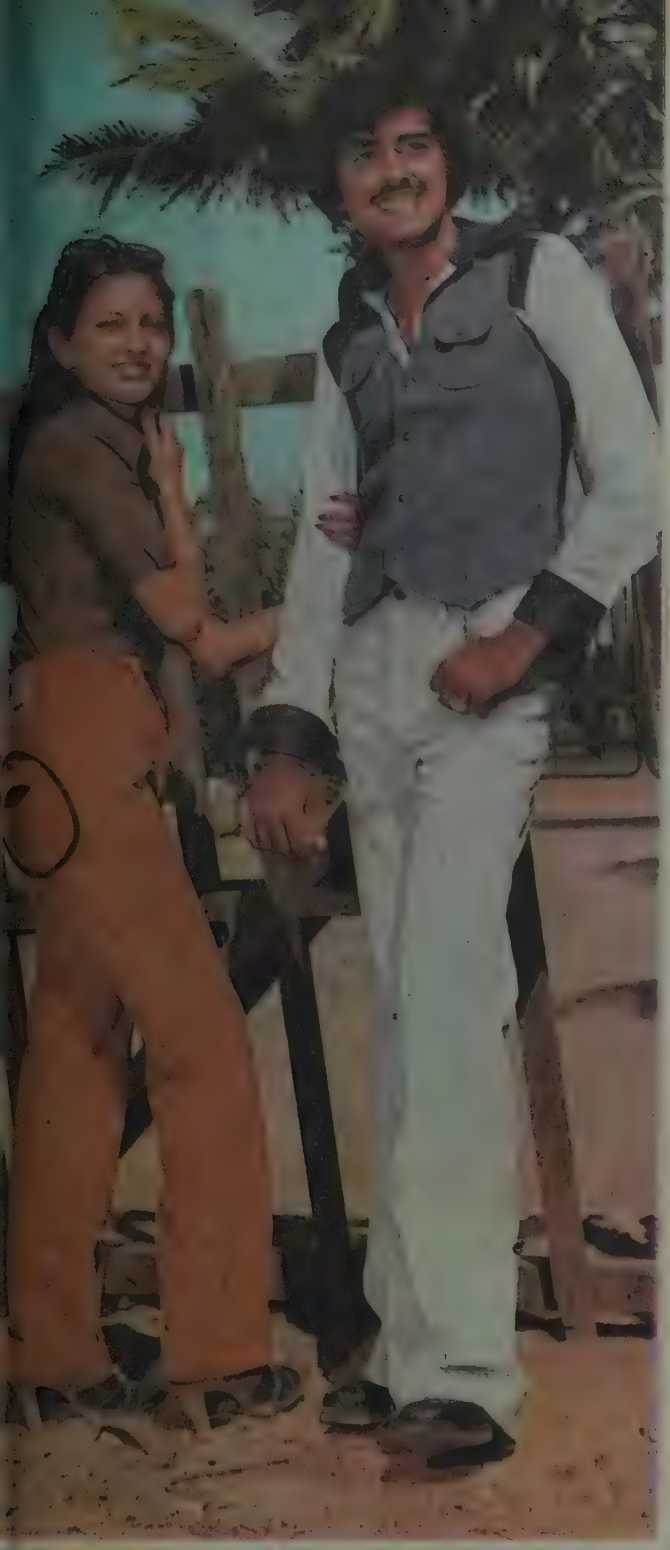
The latter piece of information sounded incredible to him! She also called him a badmaash, standing on the roadside and howling like that. Babulal couldn't cope up with the speeding witch with words spilling from her lips at an equally amazing speed. By the end of five minutes Babulal had gone over all the three octaves of contemporary rock music and was steadily screaming like a siren!

An hour later found him thoroughly scrubbed, bathed and dressed in a fresh blue shirt (another recent inheritance) **plus** a pair of khaki shorts — a double promotion! His hair gleamed under a sleek layer of oil, well-tamed and combed. He sat contentedly on a charpoy checking all his earthly belongings from the cloth bag: a red top with a broken pin, a twig, an empty blue tin of Amul cheese, an empty plastic bottle of God-knows-what, a piece of chalk, a pencil stub, a rusted spoon, an empty match-box, a small plastic ball and several such curios he wouldn't part with even for a million dollars!

Yes, everything was in order he found to his satisfaction. He started re-packing. The day had not turned out as bad as he had feared it would. His father gave him a piggy-back ride, his mother hugged him and kissed him and cuddled him; even six-year old Ramu shared some peanuts with him. He even allowed Babua to play with his precious rubber ball that afternoon.

Babulal finished packing all his things in the cloth bag. He felt re-assured and happy. The world wasn't such a bad place after all. His chubby little face wore an expression of satisfaction. He stretched out on the charpoy tired, and went to sleep peacefully, clutching his precious cloth bag.

For Fun Under The Sun!



jeans, jackets, jumpsuits, pinafores and culottes are the kind of casual clothes that are bound to become the mainstay of your summer wardrobe. You can wear them with confidence and ease, and go your way without looking outrageous. They all have the soft, easy shaping you want, in soft denims and corduroys, plus they have down-to-earth practicality. In short, these are the clothes you can reach for in the morning and feel great all day even under the sun!

Courtesy: ROMA JEANS — created by Lee Spencer, Andheri, Bombay

FT : For a casual put-together, try this
st over a sporty T-shirt or wear it with a
iped, tucked-in shirt with
uble-pocket trousers. Denim sun-hats
d pee-caps to keep off the sun;
e trousers with corduroy patch-pockets look
ry striking with a duo-coloured
rsey shirt.

BOVE : The vest with yoke pockets
nd top stitching goes with the trousers for
sporty look. Co-ordinate with an
pen-necked shirt with turn-back cuffs;
ne circular patch-pockets with
contrasting plaid and zipper looks smashing
n corduroy trousers.

IGHT: Timeless casuals. The new
allored culottes are soft and feminine. The
acket is fitted to the waist,
ares gently over the hips and is worn
ver a gingham top with a neat shirt
collar; the jumpsuit teams beautifully with a
ersey shirt and is finished off
with contrast patch-pockets; the pinafore
n blue brush denim matches the
triking striped shirt. Buttons and show
achining for an added touch.

Enter the chic-modithread "needlework contest"

Anyone who can do embroidery, tatting, knitting, crochet or handicraft can win!

Win over Rs.1½ lakhs worth of prizes!
Easy to enter! Easy to win!
Exciting TCI – Sita Holiday

FABULOUS GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE

Chic-Modithread Needlework Queen Trophy for the best All-India entry plus a TCI – Sita 21 day all-inclusive 'Coast-to-Coast' holiday in the USA worth Rs. 16,500/-

No entry fee! How to enter:

All you have to do is get some colourful, colourfast Modithread and use it to do embroidery, knitting, crochet, tatting or handicraft. Make any item that you wish in a minimum size of 20 cms x 20 cms. All entries, regardless of category will be judged on neatness, colour combination and beauty of design. Details, Rules and Contest Entry Coupons are available at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread depots and distributors, and in Chic Magazine during March, April, May, June, July and August 1979. Each entry must be accompanied by the labels of the Modithread used, and the printed Contest Entry Coupon.

Many more chances to win!

To give you more chances of winning prizes, the country and the Contest have been divided into 10 territories, with 80 prizes in each territory—which means that there are 800 prizes plus the Grand National Prize, selected from the 1st prize-winning entries from the 10 territories.

801 prizes to be won! (80 prizes in your territory)

Ten 1st Prizes : Fedders Lloyd Zenith 165 Ltr. refrigerators each worth Rs. 4,275/-

Ten 2nd Prizes : Oberoi Hotels present ten 5-day holidays for a couple at their luxurious resort hotels in Kathmandu, Goa, Kashmir, Darjeeling, Simla and Gopalpur-on-sea.

Ten 3rd Prizes : modifloor World-class machine-made carpets each worth Rs. 2,500/-.

Ten 4th Prizes : MERRITT Sewing-machines each worth Rs. 1,565/-.

Ten 5th Prizes : Trupti Kitchenware sets, each set worth Rs. 1,000/-

Plus:

150 Merit Prizes of **modicotton** Do-it-yourself salwar-kameez suits each worth Rs. 65/-

500 Consolation Prizes of gifts each worth Rs. 40/- from Chic Publications.

100 Bonus Prizes of gift hampers each worth Rs. 25/- from Corn Products—makers of Brown & Polson and Knorr

Hurry! Contest ends 31st Aug. '79.

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Name _____

Address _____

Enclosed Postal Order for Rs. _____ for _____ years subscription from _____

chic the creative entertaining fashion magazine.

Send in your entry to the Modithread Depot in your zone. Look for address details in the Rules and Regulations.

INCENTIVE

chic - modithread "needlework contest"

Rules and Regulations

1. Each entry must be accompanied by the Contest Entry Coupon available in this advertisement and at all Modithread dealers, Modithread Craftshops, Modithread depots and distributors and in Chic magazine during March, April, May, June, July and August 1979.
2. Entries may be articles of embroidery, crochet, knitting, tatting or handicraft. Entries in each category have an equal chance of winning.
3. There is no entry fee. Each entry must be accompanied by the labels of the Modithread used. If you have difficulty in getting Modithread, you may order them by V.P.P. from Chic magazine or from your nearest Modithread depot.
4. All prize-winning entries become the property of Chic Publications and will not be returned. Merit and consolation prizes will be returned after they are published in Chic magazine. If selected for publication, the prize winner will be requested to send complete instructions and will be paid the normal Chic contribution fee.
5. Non-prize winning entries will be returned by post within three months, after the last date of the contest.
6. The contest is open to all residents of India except employees of Chic Publications, Modithread Mills and Incentive Marketing & Advertising Pvt. Ltd. and their families.
7. The 1st prize winner (TCI-SITA trip to the U.S.A.) must be eligible for travel abroad according to Reserve Bank of India Regulations. All travel formalities will be undertaken by the winner. Compulsory travel tax will be payable by the winner.
8. The second prize-winners must pay for travel expenses to and fro. The holiday includes room and three meals (breakfast, lunch and dinner). The holiday is non-transferable and cannot be encashed. The winner will choose a holiday from any of the following Oberoi resort hotels: Soaltee Oberoi Kathmandu, Oberoi Palace Srinagar, Oberoi Bogmalo Beach Goa, Oberoi Mount Everest Darjeeling, Oberoi Cecil/Clarkes Simla, and Oberoi Palm Beach Gopalpur-on-Sea. Reservations must be confirmed with the hotel concerned.
9. Chic Publications and Modithread Mills will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit.
10. The decision of the judges will be binding and final. No correspondence on the subject will be entertained.
11. All entries must reach the Modithread Depot in your territory before 31st August 1979 (the address of which is detailed in the advertisement).
12. Prizes cannot be encashed.

Send in your Contest entry to the Modithread Depot in your territory:-

1. **For Delhi, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan:** Modithread Depot, Palace Cinema Compound, 20, Roshanara Road, Delhi-110007. Tel. 516277, 527189.
2. **For Tamil Nadu, Kerala, Pondicherry:** Modithread Depot, 55 Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-600001. Tel. 27904.
3. **For Andhra Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, 3-6-290/15, Sadhna Bldg., Hyderguda, Hyderabad-500029. Tel. 33425.
4. **For Karnataka:** Modithread Depot, 30/40, Kangal Hanumanthiah Road, Bangalore-560027. Tel. 577541.
5. **For Gujarat:** Modithread Depot, Udyog Bhavan, Near Medical Hall, Behind Natraj Cinema, Ashram Road, Ahmedabad-380009. Tel. 78717.
6. **For Punjab, J & K, Haryana, Himachal Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, B-1/1101, Satsang Road, Civil Lines, Ludhiana-141001. Tel. 28353.
7. **For West Bengal, Assam, Sikkim, Nagaland, Tripura, Meghalaya, Arunachal Pradesh, Mizoram, Bhutan, Orissa, Andamans:** Modithread Depot, 1, Park Lane Street, Calcutta-700016. Tel. 242715.
8. **For Maharashtra & Goa:** Modithread Depot, Anil Chambers, Cinema Road, Dhobi Talao, Bombay-400020. Tel. 294310, 259630.
9. **For Bihar:** Modithread Depot, S.P. Verma Road, Patna-800001. Tel. 23536.
10. **For Uttar Pradesh:** Modithread Depot, 109/421, Brahmanagar Crossing, 80, Feet Road, Kanpur-208012. Tel. 43911.

CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

I agree to abide by the Rules & Regulations of the Chic Modithread Needlework Contest and accept the decision of the judges as final.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Pin Code _____ State _____

INCENTIVE

TODAY'S SOCIAL WORKER IS A PROFESSIONAL

Mrs. Rashida Khorakiwala wanted to become a physiotherapist, but a friend who had gone to America on a Council for International Programmes (C.I.P.) scholarship, persuaded her to become a psychiatric social-worker instead. Following in her friend's footsteps, Rashida did her B.A. in Psychology from Jai Hind College, Bombay, and her M.A. from the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay. She joined the Indian Council for Mental Health and was placed as a student counsellor in the Jai Hind and Ruia Colleges and as a case worker in David Sassoon Industrial School for Juvenile Delinquents.

She was keen to make it clear that the term "social worker" did not mean someone who volunteered to go to villages and distribute drugs. A social worker today is professionally trained and gets paid for her work just like any other professional.

Asked what it was like working with students, Mrs. Khorakiwala said that initially she had thought that being a student counsellor was a waste of time for she had been sure that there were not many students who were aware that they had problems for which counselling was necessary. But they did have problems, the major one being disturbed relationships at home and inability to communicate with parents. Drugs and boy-friend-girl-friend problems were present too, which prevented them from concentrating on their studies.

Mrs. Khorakiwala says that the only way in which she can help students is by making them aware that there is someone they can talk to, someone who is ready to help them. "If a student has a disturbed relationship at home and can't adjust, I can't change the environment at home." What Mrs. Khorakiwala does is — give the student continuous and positive support, get him to underplay the negative aspects of the situation and thus help him to adjust.

Mrs. Khorakiwala finds her work at the David Sassoon Industrial School for Juvenile Delinquents very satisfying and interesting. As it is a boys' school, there are thefts, fights and homosexuality. It is very difficult to communicate with these boys, but Mrs. Khorakiwala with a lot of patience and understanding gets to the root of the problem and tries to help them. When she finds that a particular case is too disturbed or too severe and needs either drugs, hospitalization or a long psychotherapeutic treatment, she refers it to a psychiatrist.

Mrs. Khorakiwala has been granted a scholarship by the Cleveland International Programme in collaboration with the foreign board of scholarships, and will be leaving for America for 13 months. She will be working there in the Convalescent Hospital for Emotionally Disturbed Children.

According to her, what India needs is more professionally trained workers who will help remove the stigma attached to emotional and mental problems.

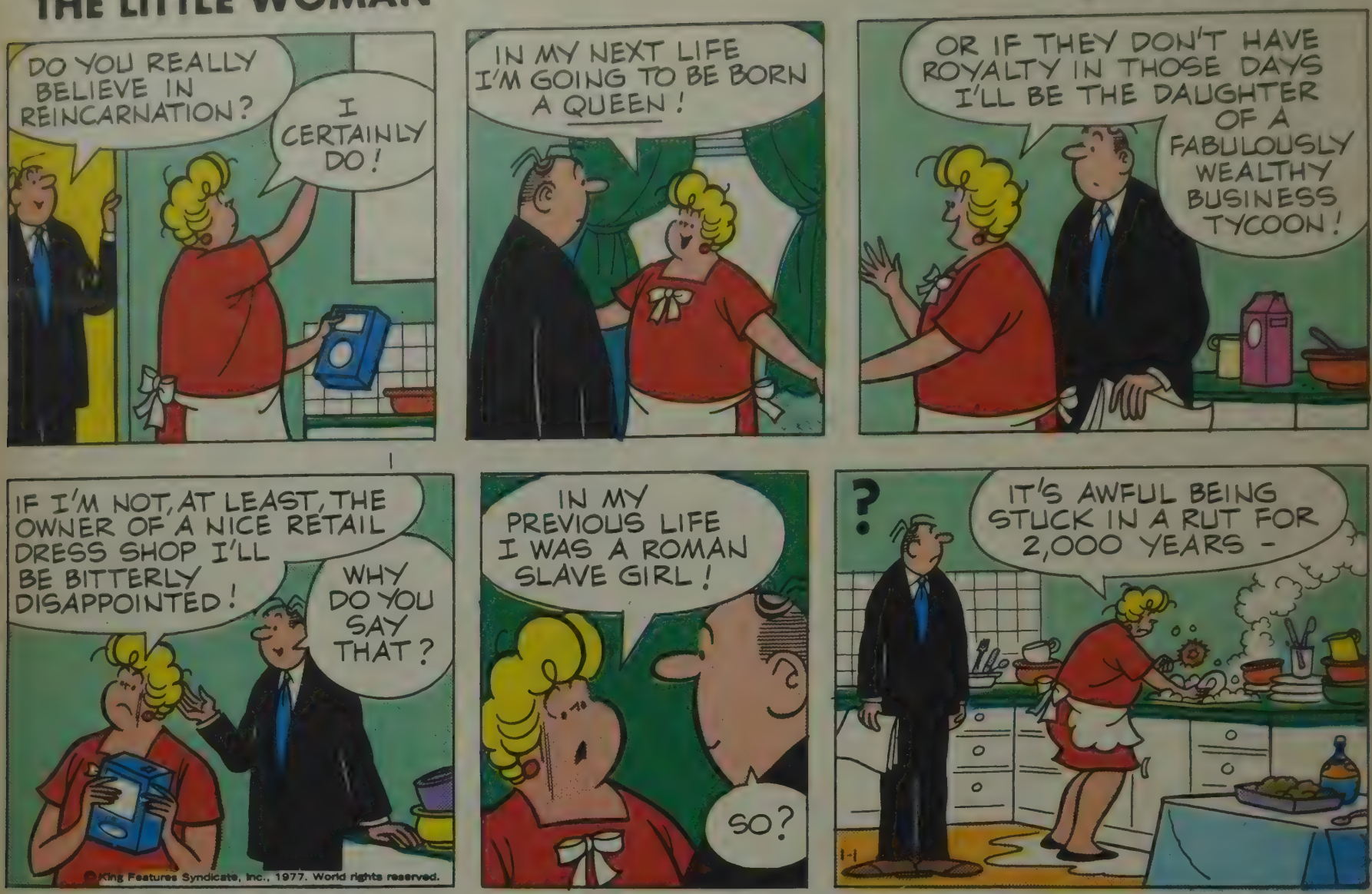
Does she ever mix her personal life with her professional work?

She laughingly admits that in the beginning she would find herself analysing the behaviour and mannerisms of every individual she spoke to, but realizing it to be a dangerous thing to do, she has learnt now to separate her professional life from her personal relationships.

Graceful and beautiful, Mrs. Khorakiwala loves dancing, music and swimming. Extensively travelled throughout India, she says that her travels help her in understanding the varied backgrounds, customs and taboos to which her cases belong.

Reactions at home on her impending long stay at America are mixed, but on the whole, the family is very happy and proud of her success.

Sudha Jain


THE LITTLE WOMAN
by Don Tobin
DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE IN REINCARNATION?
I CERTAINLY DO!
IN MY NEXT LIFE I'M GOING TO BE BORN A QUEEN!
OR IF THEY DON'T HAVE ROYALTY IN THOSE DAYS I'LL BE THE DAUGHTER OF A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY BUSINESS TYCOON!
IF I'M NOT, AT LEAST, THE OWNER OF A NICE RETAIL DRESS SHOP I'LL BE BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED!
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
IN MY PREVIOUS LIFE I WAS A ROMAN SLAVE GIRL!
SO?
?
IT'S AWFUL BEING STUCK IN A RUT FOR 2,000 YEARS -
1-1
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The efficient young maid seemed to enjoy her work until one day without warning, she gave notice.

"Why do you wish to leave?" the lady of the house asked her. "Is there anything wrong?"

"I just can't stand the suspense in this house a minute more," the maid replied.

"Suspense?" said the confused mistress. "What do you mean?"

"It's the sign over my bed," the girl explained. "You know, the one that says: WATCH YE, FOR YE KNOW NOT WHEN THE MASTER COMETH."

* * *

Friends were surprised, indeed, when Frank and Jennifer broke their engagement, but Frank had a ready explanation.

"Would you marry someone who was habitually unfaithful, who lied at every turn, who was selfish and lazy and sarsastic?"

"Of course not," said a sympathetic friend.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"Well," retorted Frank, "neither would Jennifer."

* * *

Glen's convertible glided to a halt on the edge of a lonely country road. "I suppose," said his pretty but reluctant date, "you're going to pull the old 'out of gas' routine."

"No," said Glen. "I'm going to pull the 'hereafter' routine."

"What on earth's that?" she wanted to know.

"If you're not here after what I'm here after, then you're going to be here after I'm gone."

* * *

The blood collection centre was very busy, and as a nurse rushed out of the room with a container of freshly-drawn blood, she met a contractor who was a regular donor. They recognised each other and the nurse greeted him brightly: "Just jump into bed, sir, I'll be with you in a minute."

* * *

"No," said the centipede crossing her legs, "a hundred times no."

* * *

"Dear Miss Gabor:

I have been engaged to a man for the past four years. During that time, he has given me a beautiful mink coat, much jewellery, some gorgeous black lingerie, a horse, a stove and a little foreign car. We are no longer engaged. What do you think would be the proper thing to do?"

Zsa Zsa's answer: "Send back the stove."

* * *

The karate expert was drafted and the first time he saluted — he knocked his brains out.

* * *

A girl answered the doorbell to find a tax collector. "Ma, the tax collector is here," she shouted to her mother upstairs.

"I'll be right down," the mother called. "Give him a chair."

The girl shouted back, "A chair won't do — he wants all the furniture."

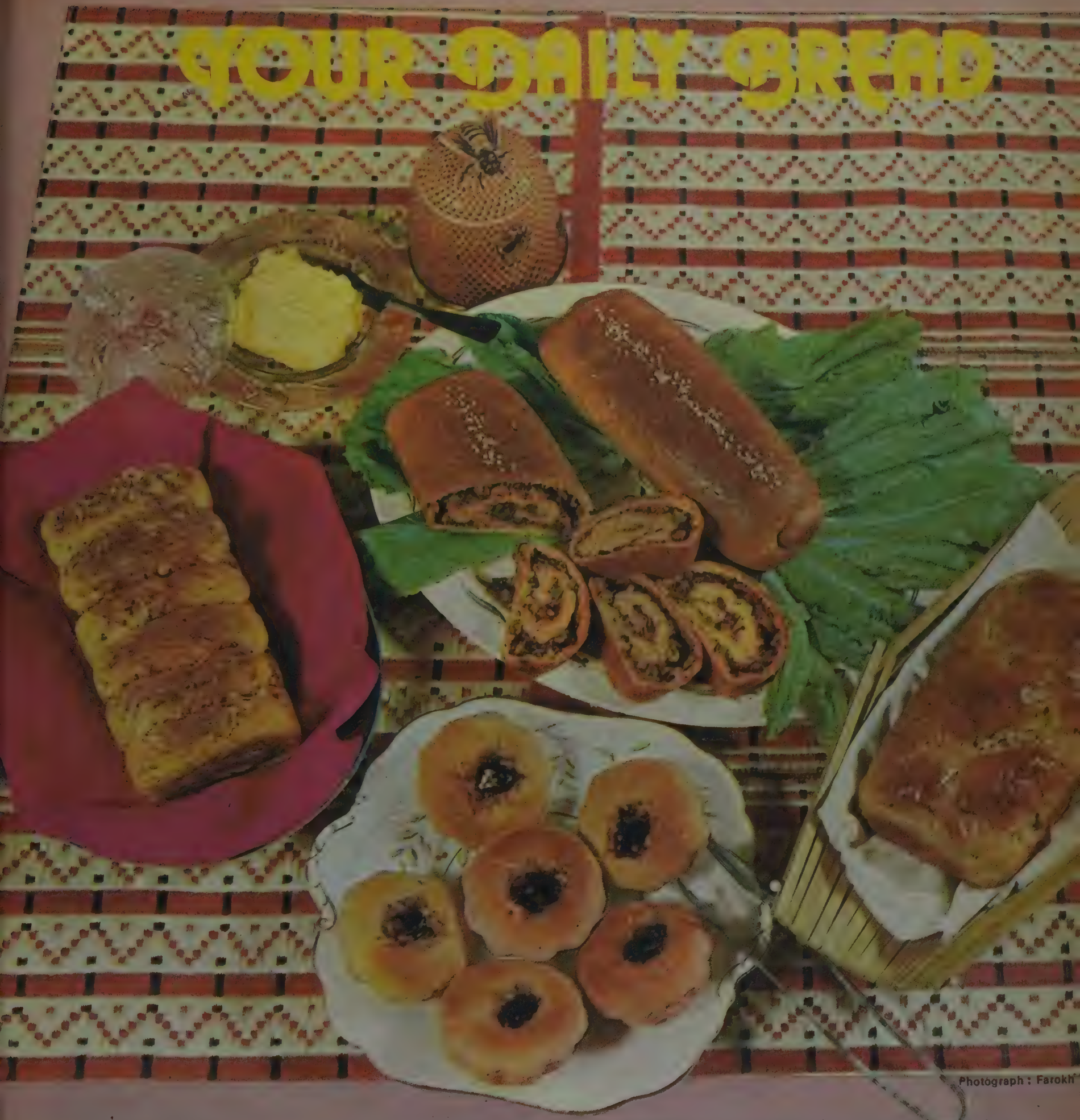
* * *

In the middle of the picture the wife let out a shriek. "Geez, I forgot to turn off the iron."

"Pipe down," the husband calmed her. "It can't burn too long — I forgot to turn off the faucet in the bathtub."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

YOUR DAILY BREAD



Photograph : Farokh

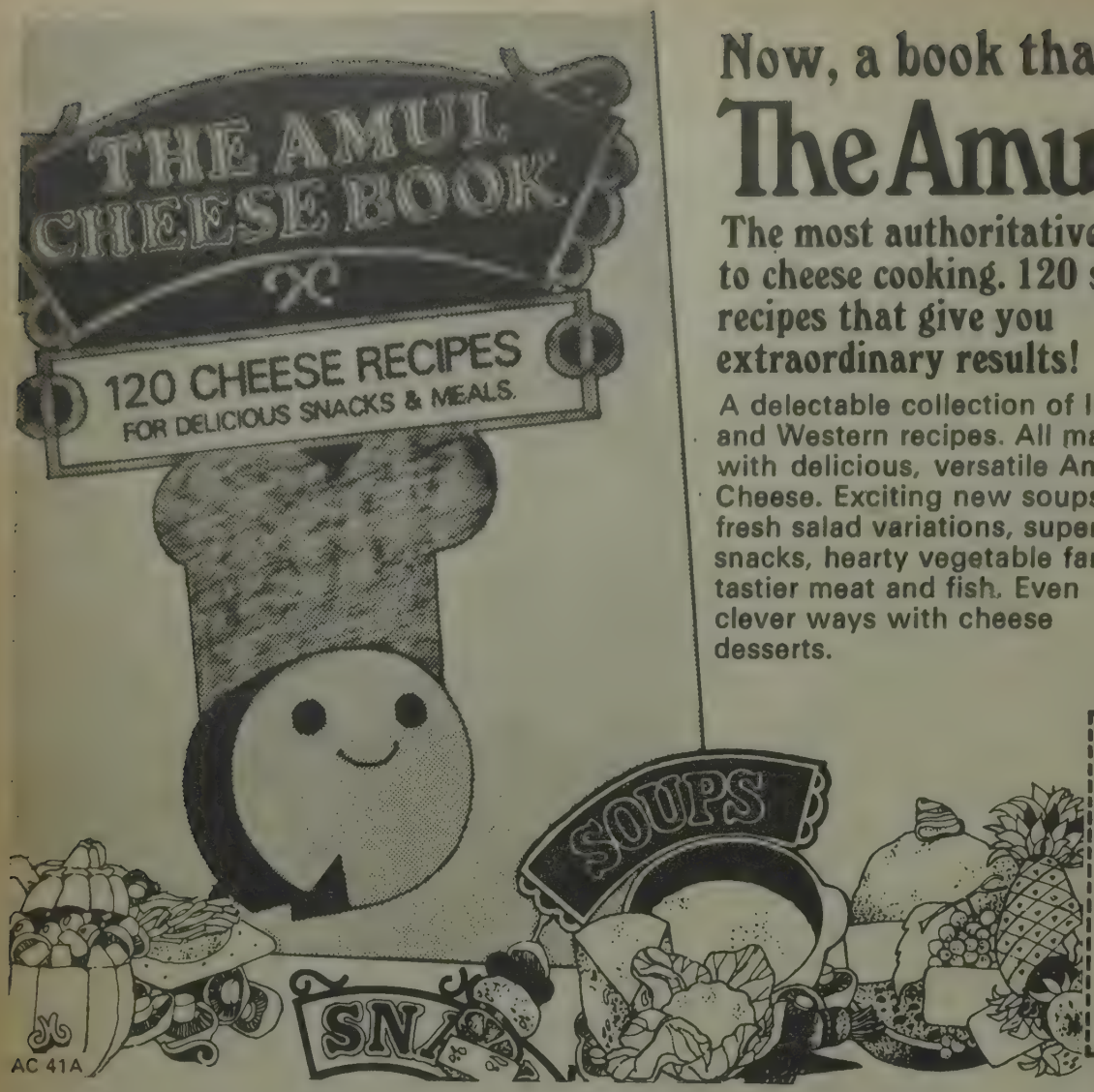
HOME-BAKED BREAD MADE WITH HOME-MADE YEAST HAS A STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT FLAVOUR AND TEXTURE FROM THE COMMERCIALLY BAKED LOAVES. **MALATI KARWARKAR** AND **JYOTI PADMAKER** HAVE DEVELOPED AN EASY METHOD OF MAKING YEAST AT HOME WHICH WILL BE A BOON TO HOUSEWIVES.

Yeast is a living organism, developed by certain bacteria, present in cereals like wheat, rice and dals like Bengal gram and black gram dal, legumes like soyabeans, and potatoes. When these are soaked and allowed to ferment, yeast bacteria begin to develop. If given proper warmth and moisture, the process is faster.

Wholesome and nutritious, yeast has a lot of vitamin B. In India it is present in idli, dosa, dhokla and nan. Planning should be done in advance as it takes a long time to ferment — in summer 12 to 15 hours and in winter 18 to 20 hours. The recipes given below will give you excellent results.

TO PREPARE THE YEAST PUFF

½ cup Bengal gram dal
1 tbsp. black gram dal
1 tsp. sugar



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Very useful tips on cheese cooking. A large glossary of ingredients and their regional translations. Table of measures and oven temperature chart. Tips on cheese storage and economy.

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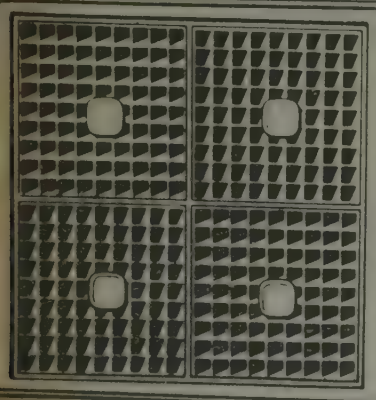

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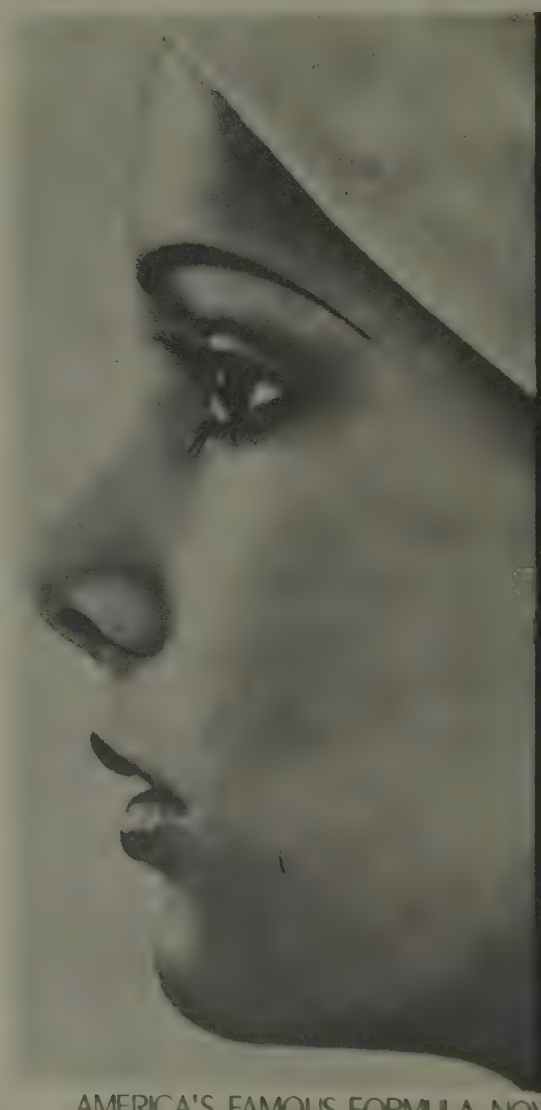

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While conditioning your skin, Ten-to-Six works as a mini-facial stimulating circulation, making your face feel smooth, glowing and refreshed every minute. Day and night.

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AMERICA'S FAMOUS FORMULA NOW COMES TO INDIA

FREE SAMPLING AT ALL LEADING STORES

1 medium potato, sliced
2 cups water

Put the Bengal gram dal and the sliced potato in a deep container (about 4"). Boil two cups of water and pour over the dal and potato. Close and cover the container with a thick towel. Now transfer this container into a larger container. Keep aside in a warm dry place. It will take 12 to 15 hours to ferment. After full fermentation, you will find a puff formation on the surface of the soaked mixture. Remove the puff along with the water and keep aside. Discard the dals and potato. The puff is ready to be used in the preparation of bread.

BASIC DOUGH FOR BREAD

2 cups flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. baking powder
2 tbsps. oil

In the above-prepared puff add the given ingredients for the basic dough. Mix thoroughly and make a soft pliable dough. Knead for five to seven minutes with pressure. Use more oil if necessary. Leave aside to rise, covered with an oiled polythene paper till it doubles in volume. For a sweet dough add four to five tablespoons of sugar.

PUMPERNICKEL BREAD

(2 loaves)

FOR THE BASIC DOUGH :

1½ cups flour
½ cup ragi flour
¼ cup jaggery, grated
1 tsp. cummin seeds, crushed

Make the dough in the usual manner mixed with ragi flour, jaggery and cummin seeds. Leave to rise. Divide the dough into two and keep in one tray at two ends. Bake as usual but sprinkle little water on top before putting in the oven.

To make it more nutritious, substitute wheat flour instead of flour. Egg may be added to give the dough lightness.

NAN FLORENTINE

(6 to 8)

Basic dough of 2 cups flour
½ cup mixed vegetables, finely chopped

Prepare the dough. Leave to rise. When fully risen, mix in the finely chopped vegetables. Knead thoroughly. Make equal size balls. Roll out into fairly thick chappatis. Bake on a tava with a sprinkling of oil.

CHEESE LOAF

(1 loaf)

Basic dough of 2 cups flour
1 egg
2 tbsps. melted butter
2 tbsps. cheese, grated

Make the dough with the addition of egg. Leave to rise. Divide into 24 equal size balls. Leave aside 12 balls and place the remaining 12 balls on a greased baking tray. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle over with grated cheese. Now place the left aside balls on top and once again brush with melted butter and a sprinkling of cheese. Leave aside to rise. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a preheated oven.

APPLE SAUCE YEAST CAKE

Basic sweet dough of 2 cups flour
1 egg
2 cups apple puree
2 eggs, beaten
2 tsps. cornflour
2 tbsps. sugar
2 tbsps. butter
1 cup buttermilk

Prepare the dough with the addition of one egg. When well risen, roll out to fit a large baking tray — ¾" in thickness. Mix together the rest of the ingredients and immediately pour over the rolled-out dough. Leave to rise. Bake as usual. Cut into wed and serve.

HAWAIIN BUNS (12)

Basic sweet dough of 2 cups flour
1 egg
1 tbsp. melted butter
4 tbsps. raspberry jam
4 tbsps. tuttifruity
½ tsp. cinnamon powder
1 tsp. sugar powder

Prepare the dough with the egg Leave aside to rise. When well risen, divide the dough into 12 equal size balls. Fill each ball with one teaspoon of jam mixed with teaspoon of tuttifruity. Close the opening and keep on a greased baking tray. Brush with melted butter. Sprinkle over with cinnamon and sugar powder. Let it rise again. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a preheated hot oven.

GARLAND RING

Basic sweet dough of 2 cups flour
1 egg

FOR THE FILLING :

2 cups mixed peel and cherries, mixed with 1 tsp. cinnamon powder
2 tbsps. sugar

FOR THE LEMON ICING :

½ cup icing sugar
1½ tsps. warm water
½ tsp. lemon rind, grated

Prepare the dough with the addition of egg. Leave aside to rise. Roll out the well-risen dough on a flavoured board, into a half inch thick rectangle. Give cuts at half inch intervals on longer sides of the rectangle, leaving the centre intact. Spread the cherry and peel mixture in the centre. Criscross the slits from the sides over the filling. Place on a greased baking tray forming into a circle. Leave to rise. Bake in a preheated hot oven for 25 minutes. Remove. Now mix all the ingredients for the lemon icing. Pour over the ring. Decorate with cherry halves and once again place the ring in the oven for five minutes. Remove and cool.

ROLL PIZZA

(1 roll)

Basic dough of 2 cups flour
1 tsp. thymol seeds, crushed (optional)
2 cups mixed vegetables, boiled
1 onion, cut into rings
1 capsicum, chopped
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 tsp. curry powder
Salt to taste
Mint leaves, chopped
3 tbsps. cheese, grated
Oil

Make the dough as usual. Leave aside to rise. Roll the dough into one inch thick rectangle on a floured board. Brush with oil. Mix the rest of the ingredients together. Spread out evenly on the rolled out dough. Sprinkle thymol. Roll over tightly, closing the sides. Place on a greased baking dish, keeping the seam side down. Cover loosely and leave to rise. When almost double in size, bake in a pre-heated hot oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Brush with oil immediately. Cool and cut into thick slices.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize.

1) A 3-in-one Storefresh container from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** Bombay, 2) a Gift Hamper from **WEIKFIELD** containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A 1000 ml. pack tin of pure Coconut Oil from **KMP OIL INDUSTRIES PRIVATE LTD.,** Cochin.

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Shashi Suri, Mhow.

MUSHROOM MALAI CHOPS

FOR THE CHOPS:

250 grams mushrooms, boiled and shredded
125 grams khoya
½ tsp. cummin seeds
¼ tsp. salt
Ghee for frying
Breadcrumbs

FOR THE CURRY:

3 medium size tomatoes, finely cut
8 cloves garlic, ground
15 grams raisins
25 grams cashewnuts (optional)
25 grams groundnuts
6 cloves
6 cardamoms
1 cup fresh cream
1 cup milk
1 tsp. ghee

GRIND TO A PASTE:

½ tsp. aniseeds
½ tsp. poppy seeds
A pinch of dalchini
2 cloves

Knead the khoya into a smooth paste. Add shredded mushrooms and mix well. Now put the cummin seeds and salt. Make 1½" diameter balls. Put a flattened stick in each ball and press them lightly. Roll in bread crumbs and deep fry. Leave them aside.

Now heat one teaspoon ghee and lightly fry the cashewnuts, raisins, groundnuts, cloves and cardamoms. Add tomatoes and garlic paste and the ground paste.

After two minutes put salt and dry masala. Add milk and let it boil. Put in the cream and after 1½ minutes put the fried chops. Remove after one boil. Serve hot.

Mrs. Alivelu Sastry. Bhilai

CABBAGE PACKS

500 grams cabbage
250 grams fresh peas
500 grams potatoes
200 grams cottage cheese
4 big size onions, finely chopped
50 grams cashewnuts, chopped
5 flakes garlic
6 cloves
½" piece cinnamon
3-4 green chillis, finely chopped
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. aniseeds, coarsely powdered
1 tsp. mango powder
A few coriander leaves, chopped
250 grams oil
Salt to taste

Separate cabbage leaves carefully without the stem. Steam cook for two minutes. Keep this aside. Steam cook the potatoes, skin and mash. Grind to paste, the garlic, cloves and cinnamon. Heat two table spoons oil in a dekchi and fry the paneer and cashew nuts. When light brown, remove and keep aside.

Heat two tablespoons oil in the dekchi. When hot, add the chopped onions, chillis, and the peas. Cover and cook for two to three minutes on slow fire. First mix the masala and the aniseed powder, then the fried paneer, mashed potatoes, turmeric and chilli powder, mango powder (amchur) and salt. Mix thoroughly and allow this to cook on slow fire for three minutes. Add the chopped coriander leaves and remove from fire. When cool make lemon size balls and keep aside.

Take a pair of cabbage leaves at a time and sprinkle salt lightly. Keep a ball on the leaf, fold them into triangular or rectangular packs. Fry to a golden brown. Serve hot with chappatis.

WEEKLY WINNER

K. SARASWATHI, Bombay.

Mrs. Saraswathi wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

STEAMED POHA BALLS

½ cup udad dal
½ cup Bengal gram dal
½ cup mung dal
2 cups poha (beaten rice)
1 cup, grated coconut
3 tbsps. oil
1 tsp. mustard
1 tsp. asafoetida
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
A few curry leaves
Salt and green chillis to taste

Soak the dals in water for 2 hours. Grind coarsely with chillis and salt. Soak the cleaned poha in water till soft. Heat oil. Temper the mustard and asafoetida. Put in the ground dal mixture and cook on a low fire. When cooked, add the washed poha, coconut, coriander and curry leaves. Mix well. Remove from the fire and cool. Make elongated balls with this mixture and steam for 15 minutes. Serve hot with butter and chutney.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian — according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

August, 1979
CUTLETS AND KABABS

September, 1979
CORN RECIPES

October, 1979
COOKING WITH LEFTOVERS

All entries for August should reach us latest by July 5, September entries by August 5, and October entries by September 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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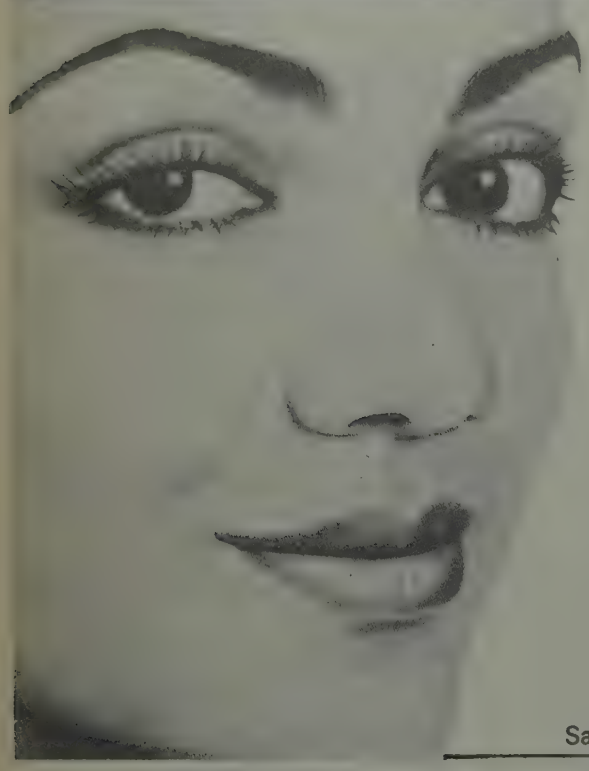

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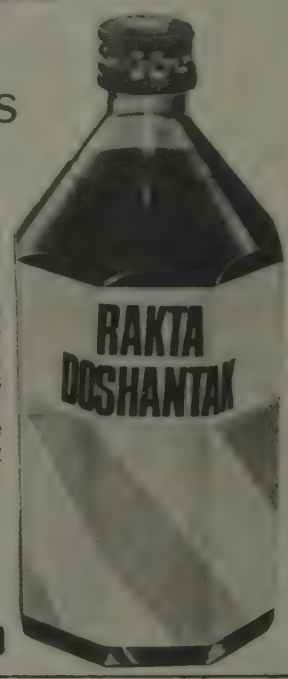

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BEAUTY

EYE ALLURE

Eyes are the most beautiful and expressive part of a human face. Making up the eyes is a fascinating experience.

Before applying foundation wet a little cotton wool in astringent lotion and pass it over the skin. This will close the pores and give a finer finish to the make up, making it last longer. If the circles round the eyes are dark and wrinkled, special care must be taken to cover them with a foundation or powder one shade lighter than your usual colour. Remember, age imposes special limitations as far as foundation and make-up is concerned. Too much may cause the wrinkles to show up rather than conceal them.

If the skin below the eyes is baggy, the blending of foundation must be done very cleverly, so that the bulges appear subdued. Use foundation or powder one shade darker than the usual tone. Blend the edges well into the darker shade, taking care to avoid any line of demarcation.

There is a simple home recipe to eliminate dark circles: peel a cucumber, crush it and extract its juice. Soak two pads of cotton wool cut to the shape of the eyes, but large enough to cover the under-eye area. Lie down with your legs 18 inches higher than your head. Relax. Cover your eyes with the pads for at least 15 minutes. Do this daily for a couple of months. If they persist, check-up with your doctor. You may be suffering from a sluggish liver. Prolonged late nights, a hectic social life, disturbed sleep and insomnia, or too much alcohol can also cause dark circles.

After concealing imperfections with a foundation, the next step is to apply eyeshadow. As far as possible it should be used only in the evenings. Used during the day, unless very carefully applied, it gives an unnatural effect. Please remember, eye shadow was invented to cast a delicate shadow over the eyes, never to overshadow them. If you use a moisturising cream over the face, include the eyelids too before applying eyeshadow.

Eyeshadow also disguises your defects and emphasizes your good features. If your eyes are set too close together, use shadow on the outer part of the lid only, fading it out towards the brow. If your eyes are too prominent, use a dark-toned shadow over the entire lid, starting just behind the lashes at the inner corner and thickening the line towards the outer wing.

If your eyes are too deep set, then use a pale shadow or a white base under the stronger colours and blend out from the centre of the lids.

Gold and silver eyeshadow can be used to create an exciting effect and to play up the gold or silver in your dress. These are for evenings only.

Never apply shadow above the fold in the eyelid, unless it is to effect an eye shape correction, or for special effect. It must always blend upwards and outwards. Eye shadow must be exactly what its name implies — a shadow, an illusion. Use subtly to give depth and an aura of mystery.

Next comes eye liner. Keep it close to the eyelids. Start at the inner corner, then taper off gently at the outer corners. The lower lid can also be lined, but stop just a little before the end of the eye. Too much emphasis with eye liner should be avoided.

If you use false eyelashes, be careful to blend the edge of the fake eyelashes with the eye liner. False eyelashes are worn after applying eyeshadow and before using the liner. They must be worn with skill to took natural.

Mascara enhances the beauty of your eyes. Use the same colour as your eyeliner. To make eyelashes appear thicker, cover the lashes with foundation, allow to dry, then use mascara. When dry, re-powder. Cover again with mascara, untangling the lashes to give a natural effect. When dry, powder again and cover with mascara. This applies to the lower lashes too. After they are dry, use an eyelash curler on the upper lashes. This procedure, although time-consuming, can look more glamorous than fake eyelashes.

For a special effect, apply blue eyeshadow very, very sparingly in the cleft between the lower lid and upper cheek bone. Cover with white lipstick and merge into the foundation. Done cleverly, it can give an out-of-this-world look. But the blue shadow must be applied skilfully so that the colour does not show, but just gives a translucent dreamy effect, as if your eyes were afloat in a pale blue sea.

Brown eyeshadow can be used on the upper lid at the fold of the eyelid in a semi-circular sweep to give a fancy look, or can be used from the centre of the eyelid at the fold — the outer corner of the eye between the eyelid — to give the winged-eye effect. Another special effect can be created by using brown eyeshadow on the eyelids and a shimmering line of silver or gold very close to the black eye liner. For special effect on a gala evening, tip the upper lashes with a little silver or gold dust. Other special effects are blue eyeshadow blended with a frosty touch of grey.

To give a lift to drooping eyes, thicken your eye liner at the outer corner. A good way to keep within the natural eyeline is to make a tiny dot at the end of each eyelid before lining the eyes. Even if you stretch the lid while applying the eyeliner, you will end where you should.

Make sure your eyebrows are well groomed, and compliment your face. Before making up your eyebrows, they must be shaped, tweezed and cleared of superfluous hair. The ideal eyebrow line should begin directly above the inner corner of the eye, and arch and taper outwards. Never downwards, as this gives a droopy appearance. If eyes are too close together, leave a large space between the eyebrows. If your eyebrows are heavy and dark, you may require no eyebrow pencil at all — just tweeze into shape.

Try as far as possible not to touch the hair between the brows at the lower forehead. If tweezed it gives the face a bare, blank look. You will find that the hair can be removed easily if a little cotton wool wrung out in hot water is held over the brows for a minute or two. Always pull in the direction of the natural growth, stretching the area to be tweezed gently with the middle and index finger.

Once tweezed apply a mild antiseptic and astringent lotion to ward off infection and close pores. If your eyebrows are very sparse, you can give the illusion of thicker lashes by using an eyebrow pencil. Go over the natural hair in short feathery strokes. This will help in blending them. Brush with an eyebrow brush to remove traces of powder, or make-up particles.

Shahnaz Husain

PASSING THROUGH

MADAME ANTOINETTE DE HAASS

AND HER TRAVELLING HEALTH SPA

Madame De Haass, now seventy in her beautiful youth.

American women, ever conscious of their health and figures, can now try a novel method of beauty treatment by joining Madame Antoinette De Haass' Exotic Travelling Spa which is a travelling health farm, the first of its kind in the world.

Madame Antoinette, who was in Bombay recently with her group of 15 travelling health addicts from 25-75 years old, was touring the sub-continent for 15 exciting sun-filled days.

The idea of a floating health spa occurred to Madame De Haass when several of her pupils complained that it was very boring spending $ 1500 a week and just waiting for the pounds to drop off patiently. "Now for $ 1700 we not only reduce ourselves but get a chance to see exotic Indian cities like Bombay, Udaipur, Jaipur, Agra, Delhi, Khajuraho, Varanasi, Srinagar and even Khatmandu, and learn about Indian culture." During her tour Madame had the complete cooperation of Air India (who are flying her group to India) and all the 5-star hotels where her special "Minceur Cuisine" menus and diet are prepared to help the members stay slim and trim. "I send my recipes and menus for 14 days well in advance and even the chefs have been recommending my potassium broth which works wonders for the body."

Seventy-year-old Madame De Haass is still as energetic as she was in Germany in her youth. Daughter of an art dealer, she was well-educated and pamperec as a child. When she conveyed her decision to her father about wanting to be a dancer, his reaction was "over my dead body!". But, "that is what I wanted" and so under Mary Wigman's tutelage young Antoinette became a modern dancer. The Second World War brought its miseries for the family as they were not staunch Hitler supporters. So Antoinette and her sister were sent to Paris for safety. "From there I went to Chile and taught modern dancing for ten years. It was there that I met my husband Helmut Haass, a composer, pianist, organist. We made a perfect pair — I danced while he composed and accompanied me."

From Chile it was the USA — land of opportunity — but the De Haasses could not tune in to the totally commercial art scene. "My husband was very disappointed because his work was treated like merchandise. I asked the famed modern dancer Martha Graham to give me a chance to perform, but she regretted her inability to help me. Art was not encouraged in the USA then. The Government did not help. The students were poor and part-time dancers, practising in make-shift studios above garages. By that time a friend of mine asked me to accompany her to a women's club in Connecticut called 'Noy's Camp' where she felt I could put my services to use. It was a place where wealthy women came together to relax every weekend under natural surroundings. They lived in military tents with primitive water arrangements in the middle of the woods. About 100 women between 19-90 years of age danced together in the Isadora Duncan style. It was all very beautiful and they asked me to show them some rhythmic exercises which I did.

"After a while, a wealthy lady asked to talk to me and suggested I could do more for myself if I would allow her to help me. I agreed. The next thing I knew I had got a cable from the Queen of Cosmetics, Elizabeth Arden herself, asking me to come to New York within 24 hours with all my pictures — all expenses paid of course! On my way to New York that week's issue of the Time carried a cover story on Arden with the headline 'She hires, so she fires'."

But for Madame Antoinette that meeting in 1948 in New York disproved the headline as she worked with the famous Arden salons in Paris, New York, San Francisco and Chicago and at the famed Maine Chance Farm for 26 years. Arden threw a lavish press party to introduce her newest addition.

Madame De Haass, an ardent Yoga exponent for years, is thrilled with Indian vegetables, fish, fruit and spices. "It was initially difficult to 'sell' India as a venue of my floating spa but now my pupils love it." (Her tour has been promoted by M/S. Exotic Journeys, Chicago, with Active World Travels as the overland tour operators in India and Nepal.)

They exercise every morning at 7.00 and both in the pool and on the plane. "Some of the girls had swollen feet after 20 hours of flying, so we did some relaxing exercises on the plane in our seats. One does not have to jump up and down vigorously to exercise. You can exercise while standing at a street corner, while calling a taxi, by holding yourself erect, tightening your derriere, lifting your chin, etc."

Madame De Haass believes in the theory, "You are what you eat". "There is no need to stuff yourself, six almonds have the same food value of a steak." She was enchanted with the grace and poise of the Indian woman, and the saree. "It is the most beautiful garment in the world and covers a person's clumsiness. I hate seeing women in jeans and rollers in their hair. I have never owned a single pair of jeans in my life."

An ardent admirer of Gandhiji. she marvelled at his passive method of revolt. "No arms for the revolution but a spindle!"

Her reaction to cosmetic surgery which is a household word in USA is: "The barbaric form of beauty. A woman who had several face lifts was eventually unable to laugh. I'd rather grow old and be able to laugh!"

Meher Castelino

HELENA FABIAN

JOURNALIST FROM MEXICO

"INDIA MAKES ME AWARE OF MY ROOTS," SAYS THIS JOURNALIST. INDIA HAS ALSO INSPIRED HER TO WRITE A NEAR-EPIC ON IT

Helena Fabian, Mexican-born writer, journalist and lecturer, was in India recently for two purposes — first, to see South India and write about it for her Spanish-speaking public who know very little about this country, and second, to gather more information for a book she is writing on India. Though a freelance journalist, Helena has been contributing regularly since 1974 to the Sunday Cultural Supplement of "El Heraldo", the largest daily in Mexico, besides writing on a variety of subjects for other magazines and papers.

Her first book "From the Four Corners of the Earth" was awarded the 1973 Golden Pen of the Feminine Union of Journalists and Writers of Mexico and it is part of the syllabus at the School of Journalism of the Faculty of Political and Social Sciences of the National University of Mexico.

Helena, who is the founder-member of this Union also belongs to the Association of Writers of Mexico and The General Society of Writers of Mexico, both of which are affiliated to the International Writers Guild and to the Pan American Council of Writers.

The book that Helena is going to write on India, she said, is not going to be an exhaustive study of the country but her personal experiences and impressions.

It was during her first visit to India in 1977 as a film critic to attend the International Film Festival that Helena fell in love with this country.

"India speaks to my inner essence and strangely enough it makes me aware of my roots," she said. "I wanted to write a book about India at that time itself but realised I knew very little about it. I wrote a series of articles about the Film Festival and also about my impressions of this country, and in one of them I stated that India had enchanted me so much that I would one day like to write a book about it. When early this year the Department of Tourism invited me to come to India and do publicity articles for them, I said I want to stay on and deepen my impressions of India and so the Indian Council of Cultural Affairs also extended an invitation to me."

Talking about the book that she is writing on India, Helena said that it is going to cover the following aspects of India: testimony, observation and semblance; mystique and reality; yesterday, today and tomorrow.

"In order to gain a clearer vision of this enormous sub-continent, it will be necessary to fuse the past with the present and the future, because in order to understand the present one must know the past, and to foresee the future, yesterday and today must be taken into account. My narrative will also encompass the famous geographers and historians who described this ancient land of old and noble traditions. I shall also include in it something from the noted Hindu spiritual essence to its present day culture, economy and politics as well as its tremendous modern upsurge and its significance as a nation in the contemporary world.

"But I do not at all pretend to make a specialised study, as I am merely a simple 'litterateur' who became passionately attached India, and because of it wants to make this country known within the limitations that every travel writer has, who intends to share his experiences with his reading public," she said.

"I want to project a true image of India. It is so much more than what people in my country think it to be. Crafts in this country are simply exquisite. All Indian artisans are highly skilled. It may be because they have been doing it for generations. India is one of the few countries where people continue to do things with their hands. All traditions are kept up even if they use modern designs in certain things."

Helena said that her association with India goes as far back as her school days. She had to learn in Spanish some of the poems of Rabindranath Tagore by heart. And since she has always been interested in ancient civilisations, she made it a point to study Indian civilisation.

"As far as Indian history is concerned I am not completely ignorant. I am quite familiar with certain aspects of India since many years. It's the modern India which I didn't know, but my familiarity with its past has helped me to understand present day India too."

Helena said that she is mainly known as an essayist in her country and the topics she covers include literature, art, history, social problems, films and theatre criticism.

"I write on every subject except politics and I am sure my articles on South India are definitely going to help promotion of tourism. In my country, except for an educated minority, not many people are familiar with this country. Now I am going to tell them that India is definitely worth a visit. Moreover, Mexicans will enjoy coming to India as Mexicans have many things in common with Indians. People of both these countries are very traditonal and Mexicans, like Indians, still believe in close-knit families, and I think the mental attitudes of the people in my country are also very much like those of people in India. Another thing common between the two countries is that both like spicy food," she added with a laugh.

A well-read and highly educated woman, Helena's written word carries a great deal of weight in her country.

Jyotsana Kapoor

TORE AND MARIT

THE BIKING VIKINGS

It must have been dark all the way as 24-year-old Tore Naerland went through his 7000 mile journey on a tandem cycle—for Tore is blind. Tore's pilot and fellow rider on this 11-week tandem marathon covering U.K., France, Italy, Egypt, India, Hongkong, Japan, and U.S.A. coast to coast was 21-year-old Marit Voster. She is sighted.

Flagged off by the Lord Mayor of London at 5.00 p.m. on February 28, 1979, Tore and Marit had every intention of beating Jules Verne's hero — by one full day — returning to London on May 18, 1979 having successfully cycled "Around the World in 79 days".

Tore was struck blind at 15, due to a hereditary optic nerve disease. ""One morning I wake up. . . I cannot see with my left eye, two months later my right eye was affected. . . You think life is nothing, it's all finished. Then someone asked me to go skiing — I thought I will kill myself — but only broke one stick! This brought about my changed attitude to life."

Since 1977, Tore has covered some 20,000 miles, pioneering tandem cycling for the blind and disabled. His tandem epics have covered 7000 miles from Anchorage, Alaska through Canada to Miami in April-May 1978 and mini-marathons from Norway through U.K. and Spain to Rome, Italy. He met Marit at a Ski School for the Disabled in South Dakota, U.S.A.

"At the time he needed a pilot for his Anchorage to Miami trip, so I thought why not me? I was already riding a tandem with a blind girl and I found that the situation for the handicapped was far from ideal."

Did she encounter any objections at home? "Not really. . . they understand and trust me, but the problem is they don't quite know how to get along with the handicapped people. . . normal people can't imagine how the blind get along — how will he eat? Can he find his cup and glass? How to serve him? They make these problems bigger than they really are. What happens is you see the wheel chair or cane and do not see the person behind it — one has to

Continued on page 43

ARE MEN MORE "SEXY" THAN WOMEN?

Anurag Mathur

EVEN IN PERMISSIVE SOCIETIES WOMEN SEEM TO BE LESS LASCIVIOUS THAN MEN. IS THIS DUE TO GENETIC REASONS OR BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID OF CENSURE AND RIDICULE?

The one area where men seem to differ most from women is in their attitude to sex, and to sexually oriented matters. With the emancipation of women, their consequent entry into the work force and their sometimes formidable success at their jobs, it has become obvious that there is no difference between men and women in professional and intellectual abilities. In the most demanding fields, such as the ability to command, women have asserted themselves, as proved by Mrs. Golda Meir, Mrs. Bandaranaike and our own Mrs. Gandhi. In every area women are proving that they are as good as men and therefore — perhaps sadly enough — not really very different from them in the deepest sense of having the same talents, intellect, ambitions, insecurities, determination and ruthlessness. Yet they still seem different in the one activity most fundamental to human beings — sex.

Could it be that though men and women are the same intellectually, the differences between them physically have resulted in making men more sexually aggressive, curious, more willing — indeed driven — to experiment? There are after all literally countless magazines devoted to portraying the female form in varying degrees of nudity, there are innumerable strip-tease joints in practically all major cities. there are pornographic movie theatres apparently exclusively for men since their clientele almost never includes large numbers of women.

And the female equivalent to these are pathetically(?) few. There is a forlorn (?) scattering of magazines like "Playgirl" and even fewer strip-tease bars featuring men. In fact, the uniqueness of these places make them tourist attractions in cities like New York and San Francisco. And even these are sustained more by bravely rebellious owners and exhibitionistically emancipated audiences, than by any popular demand. So the question is, are women just simply less interested than men in sex in its public manifestations?

The answer, from all the males we interviewed, was a resounding and unanimous "No!"

Says Vineet Arora, a collegian, "Women are just as interested in pornographic movies as men. But they have much fewer opportunities for seeing them."

Satish Kumar, a young executive, adds, "Now that women's liberation is making an impact, we're starting to see women who are less inhibited about expressing their desires." He points to the letters "Debonair" gets from young girls urging the magazine to print photographs of nude men. In fact, one group of girls suggested the editor should volunteer for the job.

Ram Narain. an advertising executive, believes that "the next generation will really start the women's sexual liberation movement in India in numbers large enough to be really effective. Our reaction to events in the West tends to lag behind by about a generation or two. And sooner or later our women are going to discover the meaning of the superior sexual capability of women that has been conclusively proved by Masters and Johnson." He adds, "We won't be in any doubt about just how interested our women are in sex once our girls start realising their own sexual potential."

The consensus among the men was that there was a massive social stigma against women displaying any overt interest in sex. This caused them to conceal their curiosity, but basically, said the men, women were quite as enthusiastic as men about everything to do with sex.

But how then to explain the female reluctance to frequent gigolos in the same numbers as men do prostitutes? Explains Rajiv Khosla, a tea planter, "This is an indication of the male chauvinism of our society. It's acceptable for a guy to go to prostitutes — and in fact he's rather admired as being a real he-man — but for a woman to go to a male prostitute is to invite social ruin."

There is also the fact that for the male, sex requires a great deal of erotic arousal before he

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Do you agree with the premise that women seem less interested than men in public manifestations of sex, like pornographic films, nudie magazines featuring males, male strip-tease etc.? Why do you think this is so? Do you think their seeming disinterest is hypocritical or is it because they fear social disapproval if they make their interest apparent? Or do you think women are genuinely less fascinated by pornography — either because of conditioning (the way they have been brought up) or because of something innate? Do you think society's disapproval of uninhibited women is justified?

We would like to know your views. Please write a brief comment, not longer than 100 words, and send it in to us by July 7 (latest). Selected comments will be published in a subsequent issue.

can function and thereafter he is compelled to rest for quite some time. If the male prostitute is not attracted to his client, both are going to be embarrassed and disappointed. Besides, the female, due to her traditionally passive role, can presumably entertain a theoretically endless number of customers, while it would take a vast number of men to handle the same number of female customers. So, if women began requenting gigolos in numbers as men do prosttutes, it might take virtually the entire male population to fulfil the demand!

Says Satish Kumar, "But it's only a question of time before women start becoming more assertive. In a while they'll start wanting to see men do the striptease as women are already doing in America. Of course it will take a long time before we reach that situation in India, but our educated women are starting to become quite free." After reflecting for a moment he adds, "You know, almost all the women I know are really pretty keen to see dirty movies. Anytime a friend is showing a 'blue' movie, it's the women who're most eager to go. Maybe," he guesses, "because they have less opportunity for seeing them."

Women who are so openly interested in pornography are rare, believes Ram Narain, "because few women in India are willing to actually say that they're interested in the stuff. Maybe," he adds, "they'll talk about it with Satish since he's an old friend, but anywhere else they'll have to put on the proper mask of being quite uninterested in pornography."

"Even among guys," says Satish, "saying you want to see a dirty movie isn't really the done thing, because people start getting the idea that one must be sexually frustrated to want to see one. And of course this is even truer for women who'll find themselves getting a reputation for being fast, and girls really have to watch out for that sort of thing."

Says Vineet Arora, "having to be careful about their reputation is one reason why girls stay away from sexy stuff. I mean, a girl who wants to get married, especially one who wants to go in for an arranged marriage, watches herself very carefully to see that she doesn't do anything that could mess up her marriage prospects."

Emphasises Ram Narain, "It's just naive to believe that only men are interested in dirty books and films. Women are equally interested. They're human too, you know. The only thing is they can't talk about it or even admit it because of the social stigma. But because they don't talk about it, it doesn't mean it's not there."

Adds Satish, "Its only natural to be interested in a nice body belonging to someone from the other sex. And even more natural to be interested in sex, even if it's only a vicarious involvement in watching someone else do it in a film. This is particularly true here in India because everybody — both boys and girls — is so incredibly sexually frustrated. In fact," he ends, "it would be abnormal if girls were not interested in sex and sexual material."

And at least one proof of this belief is the fact that a very popular monthly based in Bombay which solicits jokes from its readers has found, astonishingly, that the overwhelming majority of the sexy jokes it receives are not from men but from women, thus at least partially demonstrating the fascination of the fairer sex with sex.

PASSING THROUGH

Continued from page 41

accept it as a part of the person. That's the way he has to live".

Like Tore, she too believes a great deal of potential is unused in disabled people simply because the world chooses to limit their opportunities and the use of their wide range of talents.

Says Tore, "A so-called normal person — he too can have his handicap — we all have our limitations."

Their purpose in making this tandem marathon is to demonstrate to the world that the blind and disabled people of all ages can live fuller, more active lives in a variety of stimulating ways.

Says Marit, "The handicapped have so many areas of experience we don't even get to know about, and life becomes so much the richer for knowing them. You can't take a look and say he's disabled, and dismiss him. It's what is inside the person that is important."

They hope that this journey will draw world attention to 1981 when the U.N. holds its long awaited recognition of the needs of the World's Disabled by making 1981 U.N.'s official Year of the Disabled.

Tore and Marit's costs for the trip have all been met by their own fund raising in the form of advertising and by the Cooperation of voluntary organisations around the world. Another support group for this "Bike For Peace" is America's space agency, NASA. The tandem cycle carries at its back a special electronic pack which signals its position daily to NASA H.Q. in USA by satellite, so that it may carry news of "Bike For Peace" to its USA audience.

The central concept of the 'Biking Vikings' as they've been called, is to show that cooperation between the blind and sighted on a tandem bicycle is just one way in which disabled people can work towards a better and greater involvement in the "normal world." For Tore, the tandem bike is the symbol of a new life — a family bike. It enables many hundreds of disabled people to rediscover the pleasures of a feeling of movement, self-confidence and involvement on a truly enjoyable level with the "normal community," and this new found confidence can be transmitted to the other areas of their day to day life.

Deepa Arora

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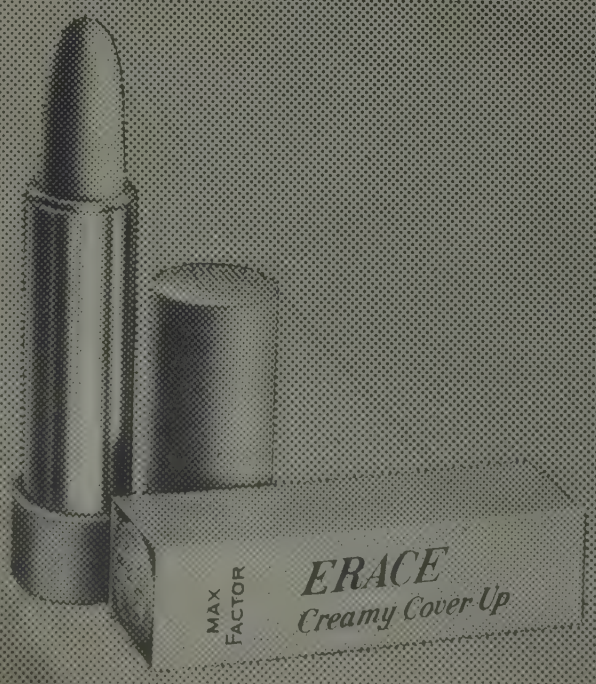

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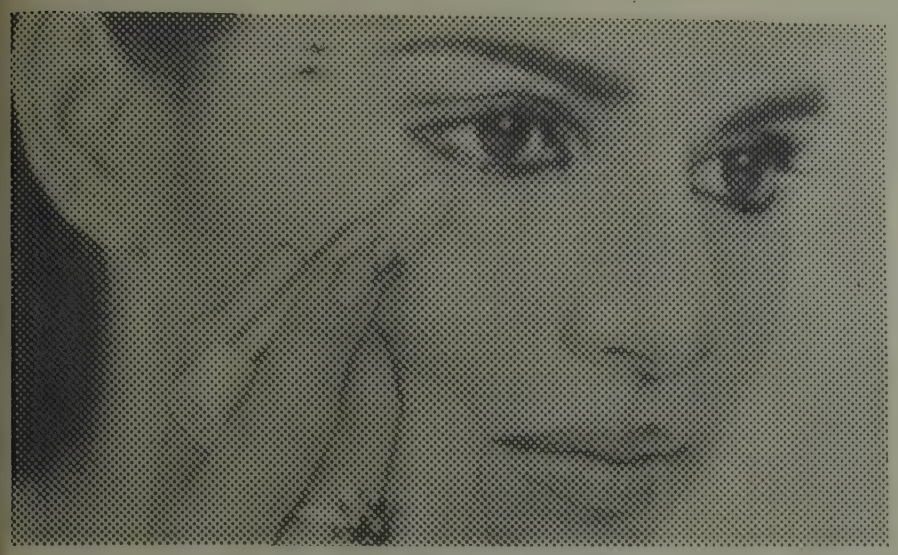

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PERSIS KHAMBATTA A STAR IS BORN

Continued from page 21

caption, "Persis Khambatta: a star is born." "This, to me is enough," she said.

"I'm trying to avoid taking on too many Indian roles, as again I'll get typed. But let me get this clear. I love India, I am proud of being an Indian. I see all the Hindi movies that come to L.A. That's my happiness," she said enthusiastically, and continued, "But I won't come back in a hurry. When I did my first film here, K. A. Abbas' 'Bombai Raat Ke Bahon Main', like any other newcomer, I too was hoping for a few breaks, but I don't think they like Parsis in this industry," she said frankly. "So I decided I'd show them what I'm capable of doing on my own. That was way back in 1966. Now that I've made it, I have got a couple of feelers and offers, but I am not interested yet. This has been a gorgeous holiday, just to meet my mother and old friends," she said. Yet, she is up to date with who's who and where in this industry, and rates Sanjeev and Shabana as her favourites.

"Looking back, I find that all those years, and what I've packed into them, have given me a tremendous amount of self-confidence. I'm happy with things the way they are and am just keeping my fingers crossed that 'Star Trek' helps me in realising all the hopes that I've pinned on it. . ."

Well, it seems like she's made it, for isn't she the same girl who can afford to and has temporarily turned down Pierre Cardin's offer for an exclusive publicity campaign for his cosmetics and that too, not as a model, but as a celebrity, because she doesn't think it's fair to the makers of her big movie, for her to be cashing in on the image they've given her, before they've cashed in on it. That's professionalism for you.

And as she got up to leave, as if sensing my unspoken question of how she's managed to remain so gorgeously sculpturesque, she said, "Beauty comes from within I believe firmly. It's what I feel inside that's expressed on my face just as for any other person in the world."

Persis Khambatta with shaven head for her role in the Hollyhood film "Star Trek" as the bald navigator from the planet Delta.

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HI YA HONEY!

WISH I HAD SAID THAT.....

Many times honey, we hear remarks that are not only original but witty as well, and when we hear them we cannot help thinking, "Wish I had said that." I remember I was once called upon to address a gathering of pretty young Jaycees and the person who introduced me paid me such glowing compliments that I started by saying, "The young lady has praised me so much that I too am very anxious to hear what Johnnie Alves has to say."

Just a word often speaks volumes. I was once sitting in a City of London tour bus when the guide, who was really excellent all the way round, announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, on your right we are now passing one of the oldest and best pubs in London." While all of us turned to look at it, a voice from behind was heard loud and clear, "Why?"

Political retorts of course are a class by themselves. Robert Menzes, while speaking at a political meeting, was interrupted by a woman who shouted, "I wouldn't vote for you, if you were the Archangel Gabriel." Without any hesitation whatsoever, Menzes replied, "If I were Archangel Gabriel, madam, you would hardly be in my constituency."

Churchill, another master of retort, was once speaking at a political meeting when a woman shouted, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison." Churchill replied, "If I were your husband madam, I'd take it."

Some folk insist on asking silly questions and they are generally youngsters hoping to make an impression. Said a sweet young girl to an Air Force pilot, "Tell me, sir, how often do aircraft of this type crash?" The pilot, without raising his eyes, said, "Only once."

Eammon de Valera, the first President of the Irish Republic, was in the middle of a revolutionary speech when he was arrested and sent to prison for 12 months. Immediately after serving his sentence he was asked by his supporters to speak again and he began his speech with these words: "As I was saying when I was so rudely interrupted..."

Don't ask silly questions and you won't get any silly answers. A correspondent had evidently not heard these words. He approached Marilyn Monroe and asked her what she wore at night. Marilyn winked and replied, "Chanel No. 5."

Drunks are known for their quick and often lively retorts.

A drunk staggered up a railway ticket office and slurred, "A return ticket, please." "To where sir?" asked the ticket clerk. "Back here, stupid," was the reply.

Honore de Balzac, the French novelist, liked wine, women and song, but seldom had the money to indulge himself. His rich uncle died and left him a substantial sum. Balzac's elation knew no bounds and he started shouting for joy. When some of his friends asked him the reason for his happiness, he came out with what I think is a classic answer: "Congratulate me; at seven o'clock yesterday evening, my uncle and I, both passed on to a better life."

James Whistler, as you probably know honey, was born in an insignificant town in Massachussets. An artistocratic lady once asked him, "Why, Mr. Whistler, what possessed you to be born in a place like that?" "The explanation is simple madam," repled Whistler, "I wished to be near my mother."

And to end honey, any man who goes to a psychiatrist, needs to have his head examined.

Until next time then.

WOMEN IN A PRISON

Continued from page 11

bai escaped being beaten by her husband, but she was saved by her brother-in-law and is a lifer now, charged with the killing of her children.

As the stories unfold, the feeling of being in an ashram fades quickly. The answers given by most of the women are similar. They claim that they're quite comfortable in the prison where they get clothes, food, medical aid and shelter. They're probably right. But physical discomfort is not the real cause of worry. Theirs is a deeper problem. The problem of knowing that society isn't really going to welcome you with open arms, and of wondering whether you can go back to a normal life after release.

There are some women whose husbands are in the prison across the road. They are allowed to visit each other periodically, but any sort of normal life between husband and wife is not allowed.

In some parts of the world there is what is called conjugal visiting, where a prisoner is allowed to spend the night with his/her visiting mate. In India, there is no such provision for prisoners.

JAIL REFORMS

The jail authorities point out that these days they go through a training course especially started for jail officers, where they learn to understand prisoners' problems and how to handle them in a humane and disciplined manner. Jail reforms today include the open prison in Vidharba and near Aurangabad, where prisoners live and work in the open (without cells). A better step are the prison colonies where 25 to 30 prisoners are allowed to live with their families while they serve their sentence. This is still an experiment and we are still a long way off from giving prisoners a chance to lead normal lives.

Surprisingly, Mr. Bijlani, DIG and Superintendent of the Yeravada Prison, claims that in spite of not leading normal lives, lesbianism is not a very marked reaction among the female prisoners. "It is by and large non-existent. I haven't come across any case where it has been because of sexual starvation." He gives furlough as one of the possible reasons. Furlough of 14 days is allowed once in two years to every prisoner who has been convicted for five years or more. Those who have shorter sentences than five years are allowed furlough every year. Then there is parole when a prisoner is allowed to visit his/her family during times of illness or death in the family.

But surety, given by someone who'll undertake to fulfil certain legal conditions, is necessary before furlough is given. There are those who have absolutely no one in this world to stand guarantee. They wilt in the prisons till release.

Words like "remission" and "furlough" are often used and are peculiar to only those inside a prison. Remission is a gradual reduction in the sentence of a prisoner based on

Continued on page 51

CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

TRAVAILS OF TRAVELLING BY TRAIN

Alpana Chowdhury

In our country, you cannot impulsively go on a holiday. You have to plan your holiday at least a month in advance (never mind if you are not sure when your children's examination will be held and when the holidays will begin) and you must set aside at least one whole day for the booking of tickets. No doubt, the overwhelming population vis a vis the limited number of seats has much to do with this inconvenient but unavoidable situation. No doubt also, the railways have expanded immensely and introduced many new trains, new schemes and new measures to cope with the ever growing masses who travel daily.

There are, however, lapses on their part that can be avoided. Inefficiency and corruption exist in varying degrees in all the branches. This is so, in spite of the different intelligence and vigilance squads keeping check. A harsher attitude therefore needs to be adopted towards erring officials, unauthorized agents selling tickets and passengers who indulge in underhand activities.

Apart from the railway authorities, commuters also have an important role to play in improving the services. If they expect certain comforts and privileges they must correspondingly help the railways in checking corrupt practices and in bringing to book slack and inefficient railway officials.

In certain cities booking tickets through unauthorized persons has become almost the only way of getting reservations. The commission paid per ticket to these "dalals" vary from fifteen to fifty rupees! The modus operandi of these agents are many.

One method is by reselling illegally, tickets they have bought. Buyers of such tickets, therefore, travel under names other than their own. The Western Railway Vigilance Department recently nabbed many such impersonators who tried to escape by placing the blame on the booking clerks. According to them the clerks had made errors in writing their age, sex or marital status! In such cases of illegal transfer it is difficult for the authorities to catch the men selling the tickets. It is here that civic minded passengers can help the authorities by immediately reporting the cases to the Vigilance Department either on the phone or through a letter, giving all the particulars of place, manner and appearance of the men involved in the racket.

The other, more confident and practised manner by which certain agents work is the more dangerous one — dangerous in the sense that passengers buying tickets through the regular procedure have dimmer chances of getting tickets. (In Calcutta, for instance, I am told that it is impossible to buy a ticket by standing in a queue). These agents seem to have their contacts with railway employees for they can provide tickets on your name at very short notice.

Officials of the Western Railway, to whom I spoke, refused to believe that such practices were taking place in their sectors. One very senior official explained how previously (when you could book your tickets only ten or twenty days in advance) they had measures by which they would detect such malpractices.

The vigilance men would buy, say ten tickets. Another ten of them would get onto the top of the waiting list. The former ten ticket holders would then cancel their tickets. If those on the waiting list didn't then get reservations it would indicate an irregularity. A further investigation into the proceedings would then be carried out.

Nowadays, when one can book tickets six months in advance, the official feels it is not possible for blackmarketeers to get tickets through waiting lists. He was so confident that there are no unauthorized agents who can provide tickets on individual names that he was even ready to send a security man there and then to investigate.

But the fact that there are certain passengers who are confident of getting tickets even at the eleventh hour shows that despite this official's confidence, there are agents doing a flourishing business. Pretending to look lost and disappointed at the nonavailability of tickets I stood reading the timetable. Sure enough, some shady charac-

ters approached me and offered tickets for any train on any day! These men, perhaps, become aware of checks by the vigilance department and escape arrest. It therefore becomes obligatory for passengers who come across these agents to complain with relevant proof to the **Chief Vigilance Officer** or the **Chief Commercial Superintendent Ticket Checking.**

If more and more passengers take the trouble of complaining, more and more pasengers from the queues will get tickets. More examples will be set for others to refrain from indulging in corruption.

Railway officials are however not optimistic about the deference. One of them queried, "How many murders have been prevented by the arrest of Billa and Ranga?" He added, "Unless there is an overall tightening in the enforcement of rules, unless the national character as a whole is changed, no significant check on corruption can be made." The railways, he said, cannot be taken in isolation. Piecemeal efforts are of no use. And, compared to the other public services, the railways, he felt, are the least corrupt.

But being better than the rest is hardly any reason for complacency. When there are rules for fighting malpractices the rules should be followed, and followed stringently.

The railways tend to adopt a misplaced humanitarian attitude towards "gate crashers." In reserved compartments, there are often more passengers than there should be. When I asked an official why such people were allowed by the ticket checkers to poach on other's rightful seats, he replied, "How can you throw out people when they appeal to you on sympathetic grounds?"

By being kind to these people the authorities are being unkind to those who have stood for hours in queues in order to travel in comfort. On the smaller lines often the ticket checkers themselves request the other passengers to be accommodating. Why should they?

This kind of slack and relenting attitude encourages certain people to always travel in this manner. Many a time men without reservations are heard saying, "Oh, we'll get onto the train. Later we'll handle the situation as it arises." It is generally the so-called educated types who have the guts to travel as stowaways but not the sense or stamina to get reservations made in advance.

Once again, it is up to the other passengers to complain and have such confident, complacent truants hauled off the train or sent to the unreserved compartments. Complaints may even be made against the ticket checkers if they fail to cooperate.

Not many of us are aware of the existence of a complex network of vigilance officers keeping checks on ticket checkers. Apart from the vigilance and intelligence departments there are Anti-Fraud squads, divisional squads and inter-zonal checkers. In order to prevent recognition surprise checks by inspectors from other zones are made. Ticket checkers are supposed to declare the amount of money they have with them at the commencement of the journey. If on checking they are found to possess more than the declared amount then they can be penalized.

Corruption, however, continues to be rampant, regardless of these squads. Something must be wrong somewhere and it is up to us to urge the railways to find out where.

Another field which needs correction is the wrong issue of tickets and the cancellation of trains with the ensuing inconvenience caused. When wrong tickets are issued by booking clerks why do passengers have to undergo harassing procedures to get alternate reservations and refund of their money? Or when trains are cancelled and passengers are forced to stay longer in a city, why is there no clause for compensation? It is difficult enough getting tickets the first time — getting alternate reservations within a few hours can be a nightmarish experience.

One Mr. Khanna described the harrowing time he and his wife had when travelling from Delhi to Bombay. Landing at the station, amidst pouring rain, he was told very summarily that he had been issued wrong tickets. Alternate reservations had to be made. The booking office in Delhi is nowhere near the station. Carting his luggage in the rain and then having to trust the taxi driver with it while he went up to deal with unapologetic and authoritative clerks, together with the tension of not knowing when he would be able to leave Delhi to resume duty at Bombay was a nerve-racking experience he wouldn't like to repeat.

Eventually, the Chief Public Relations officer was kind enough to provide second class tickets for the next day. Mr. Khanna had originally tickets for the air-conditioned chair car. It is now over four months and Mr. Khanna has still not received the refund of the difference in fares!

Compensation for the forced extra night's stay in Delhi, the added porter charges and taxi fare? Railway officials in Delhi shrugged off the question with a laugh. It was as ridiculous as asking for the moon. "Oh, there's no provision in the rules for that."

Similarly, when there was the railway strike in 1974, monthly tickets of local train commuters just lapsed without compensation.

Eventually, all losses are borne by the passengers, whether in the form of increased fares or through the inconveniences of the kind that Mr. Khanna experienced. Railway regulations ought to be amended so that passengers are not made to pay for situations not created by them.

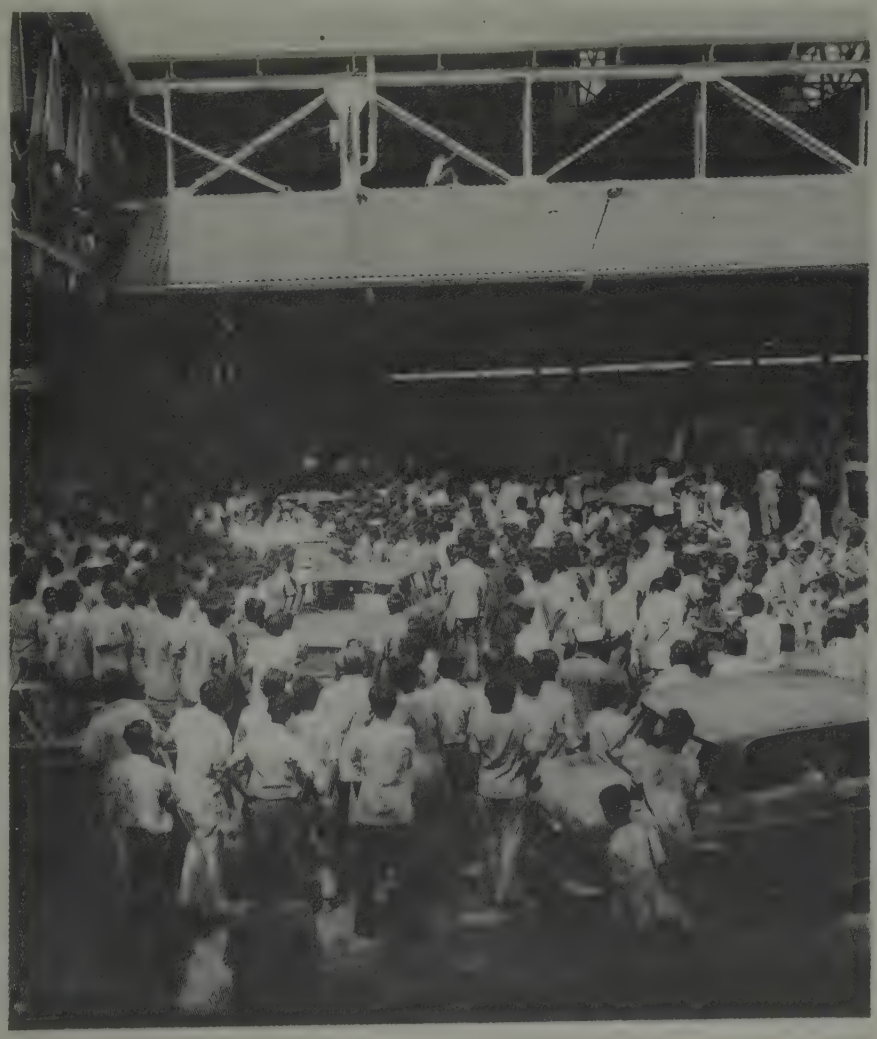
Also, a few **minor** steps can be taken to reduce the inconvenience caused. When buying tickets, for instance, the lunch break through which passengers have to stand before closed shutters can, with some planning, be done away with. You shift from one foot to the other through the lunch hour, hungry and tired and then just when it's your turn you find the red light indicating nonavailability flicking on for the day on which you hoped to travel. So many hours gone waste!

Another minor change that could be made is in connection with the microscopic boards that warn you against buying tickets from unauthorized persons. These could be made more prominent and eye-catching and the warning worded more strongly. Punishment for this offence should be be emphasised.

The railways, as said earlier, have introduced many changes for the convenience of passengers. A lot still remains to be done. Corruption and inefficiency are GIGANTIC problems the tackling of which requires herculean efforts. These efforts have to be made consciously by the authorities and the public. Being resigned to the situation and accepting the problems as unsolvable only increase them to unmanageable proportions.

I was told by an official, "You are only looking at the darker side of affairs. Why don't you see the brighter aspects? The problems you mention are only isolated cases."

Are they? Does it help to be escapist?



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WOMEN IN A PRISON

Continued from page 47

good behaviour and blood donation. A special remission of three days a month is given to the conservancy worker who volunteers to clean the toilets. The authorities claim that because of this remission, the prisoners are actually more than willing to take on this duty (they also get 40 paise a day for the job). "Cleaning toilets is not a nightmare any more. We've had the flush system for over a decade now in all our toilets," said Mr. Bijlani.

Punishment for bad behaviour, for refusing to work, for picking up quarrels, is generally solitary confinement or the automatic postponment of furlough by six months or forfeiture of remission. The authorities in Yeravada claim that they do not enforce penal diet or put fetters on the women

But interviews with families, letters and canteen facilities can be stopped to punish a prisoner.

The women, by and large, look meek and there is an abject servility exhibited when those in authority step in. When this was pointed out, one criminologist said, "Strict discipline is absolutely necessary and obedience to those in charge has to be enforced. Otherwise, you design an alternative pattern of organisation where criminals can be kept in a disciplined manner, both for corrective and punitive reasons."

The compound is well swept and there is an appearance of cleanliness everywhere. The women, who haven't much to do, can afford to spend a lot of time on hygiene. Of course, a prison can never be a home away from home — the element of deterrence to further crime has to be present.

But it is neither physical discomfort nor poor hygiene that is the bane of prisoners. Contacts may be maintained through interviews, letters, furlough. "But years and years of being kept away from active life outside leads to weakening of family ties. Besides. their sense of responsibility is often left behind after release, so that the women grope around to provide themselves with food, clothing and shelter which they got without much effort earlier," said the criminologist.

"It is worse for the men," said one jail officer. "The women have only to be accepted by their families. The men find it more difficult to be accepted by society at large."

There is the Navjivan Mandal, a voluntary organisation which looks after the rehabilitation side of prisoners. Attempts are made to aid them after release. The Government too, can sanction up to Rs. 500 in special cases for rehabilitation. Not many of these uneducated women are inclined to come for and claim even this amount to begin life anew. Very few are far thinking enough to learn tailoring, get a certificate and ask for the Rs. 500 to help themselves after release. After spending many years far removed from normal life, the prisoner is most often left to fend for herself after release. The traumatic years are not easily forgotten. But surprisingly, prison reforms do not include any psychiatric treatment to aid women who've been imprisoned for several years.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

A FILM REFUSES TO FLOP

Shakti Samanta has run out of luck. He tried to get over the "Great Gambler" flop by concentrating on "Barsat Ki Ek Raat". He parked himself in Ooty and waited for his stars to trickle in. They came, accompanied by their satellites. Amitabh brought eighteen folk with him, Raakhee only seven, but the worst was Amjad Khan — he brought a walking stick.

Shakti hid his depression at the sight of the stars and satellites, booked extra rooms, shifted the other unit members to less starry hotels and started shooting, only to find out Amitabh was on "go slow" advice, Raakhee had nervous tension, and Amjad was rejected on the spot by Shetty, who said a man cannot do fight scenes with a walking stick for support.

Shakti just took in gallons of the Blue Hills air and came back. He made desperate inquiries about Rajesh's retinue. "Am sure the guy now must have only one or two chamchas left," said Shakti.

He was in for a surprise; Rajesh's retinue has expanded. Since the only qualification for entry into "Aashirwad" these days is, "I tried to get 'Amardeep' tickets, but no luck. House full."

At least that is what Kamal Amrohi's son Tajdar told Rajesh at the "Noorie" premiere and Rajesh hugged him. Never knew that the Amrohis believed in "No Kala Bazar"; they surely could not be that broke.

* * *

And the "Noorie" success has depressed Yash Chopra. It is like when you win all the while and you want to lose in order to balance your wins, and yet you win. "Noorie" was intended to be a flop, to adjust the overflow of previous films. And "Noorie" had all the ingredients of a flop — new director Manmohan Krishna, naya hero Faroque Shaikh, fat faced Poonam Dhillon and Khayyam, both handicaps of "Trishul", and yes, a dog named Khairoo.

But "Noorie" clicked. Faroque is fresh like a crisp currency note, Poonam looks tender like the valley flower she is supposed to be. Iftekar and Madan Puri fight for scene to scene laurels and Khayyam and the dog run away with the film.

But Yash ultimately decided to smile, for success is success even if it means loss of money and Poonam Dhillon, Eve's Weekly discovery, is a star. She has proved that stars today are products of the pen, be it Eve's Weekly or a good screenplay by Sagar Sarhadi.

Finally, Pam Chopra deserves her share of credit. Right from grooming Poonam to tucking her away in their guest room at home to asserting her voice in the film. She sings in the chorus "Allah Jane" with Anwar and Mrs. Khayyam (Jagjit Kaur).

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

The Community Aid Sponsorship Program (C A S P) has decided, in the International Year of the Child, to take all destitute children — those found begging on the streets as well as others in need of assistance — off the streets. CASP aims to look after the needs of handicapped children from the weaker sections of society — children with physical handicaps, low educational levels, economic dependency, mental incapacity and children of leprosy afflicted parents, mostly within the age group of 3-16 years. CASP tries to help them in their treatment or education, or both. A child's most important need is the love of a home, and CASP attempts to provide the child with a sense of belonging through foster homes.

CASP would like more sponsors to assist deprived children. Those interested should contact CASP at 175, D. N. Road, C/O Indian Council of Social Welfare', Bombay 400 001.

* * *

Hansa Jhaveri of "Kasab" recently held an exhibition of unusual handicrafts from Orissa and Andhra Pradesh, at the Aakar Art Gallery.

On view were unique wood carvings, mythological figures in wood, wooden dowry boxes, brass items, masks, etchings on palm leaves and Pata paintings, all from Orissa. Kalamkari sarees and household linen, Machchlipatnam sarees, Kondapalli toys and a host of other interesting items of Andhra Pradesh origin were also on display.

DELHI

A three-day conference was organised by the National Conference of Women and attended by people from all walks of life including women legislators, social scientists, representatives of political parties, and senior officials from the Centre and the states. Renuka Devi Barkataki, State Minister for Education, said the Conference urged the Government to take steps to earmark a reasonable percentage of allocations in every sector of planning for programmes relating to women. The Conference was inaugurated by the Prime Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai. The Conference also called for implementation of the recommendations of the working committees set up by the Planning Commission on employment of women.

CALCUTTA

Mona Golabek, the well-known American pianist, gave a recital at Vidya Mandir, which included selections from the Tchaikosvsky, Beethoven, Debussy, Chopin. As a concluding piece Mona played Burt Sheffar's variation of Yankee Doodle, with a verve and expertise which called for encores from the audience. The recital was organised jointly by the American Centre and the Calcutta School of Music.

* * *

Kaveri sponsored an exhibition of textiles and prints by Lise Ladegaard, the well-known textile de-

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1. The Railway Club, Budhwar Park, Bombay, felicitated Mrs. Nutan Bahl, winner of this year's Filmfare Best Actress Award. Others seen on the occasion are, from left, Mr. Raj Khosla, Mr. O.P. Kakar, president, Railway Club, Mr. K.S. Ramaswamy and Mr. S.K. Wankhede.

2. At a farewell party organised by Mr. P.K. Chatterjee, secretary, Bharat Nepal Maitri-Sangh, Calcutta, and Mrs. Chatterjee, for Mr. M.R. Bhandari, Consul-General of Nepal in Calcutta. are seen from left, standing, Dr. S. N. Sen, ex-Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University, Justice Sankar Prasad Mitra, Chief Justice, Calcutta High Court, Mr. M. R. Bhandari and Mr. P.K. Chatterjee. Seated : Mrs. Sunanda Mukherjee, Mrs. Pritilata Chatterjee and Mrs. Bhandari.

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3. Dimple Khanna gives a cup to producer-journalist K. Razdan, runner-up with Dr. Prakash (ext. right), in the Tennis Doubles Tournament of the Khar Gymkhana, Bombay. Prof. Belani and Mr. Iyer of the Gymkhana are seen in the centre.

signer, at the Academy of Fine Arts. The kimonos, kaftans, tops and dress materials were predominantly influenced by Japanese designs and diffused colours which blended well with the traditional Danish styles.

* * *

The Defence Minister and Deputy Prime Minister Mr. Jagjivan Ram, inaugurated a child art exhibition at Ashutosh Hall. The show was organised by the Calcutta Art Society. The paintings included child art exhibits from U.S.S.R., Bangladesh and Nepal. Paper collages by Japanese children were very interesting.

* * *

The Annual May Queen Ball was organised by Peter Dey of the Silverstar School at the Oberoi Grand. Brian Church Michael with his 'Fever-Band' provided the music and several guest artistes gave exhibition dances. The judges selected Nelle Massar as May Queen and Heather Jacob as the Silverstar Princess. This was a nostalgic occasion for Peter Dey as it marked the Silver Jubilee of his May Queen Ball. He announced that this was to the last such event in Calcutta.

MADRAS

The Lions Club of Madras Poovai Dist 324-A is holding an essay contest for college students on any of these topics:

My contribution to the social awakening in our country; I am sad, but I am glad — Ours is a magnificient land; Casteism and superstition are the impediments to the progress of our society; Every country is my country, every man is my kinsman; Tyranny of the aged and revolt of the youth; How to contain campus chaos.

The essays should be accompanied by a certificate from the Principal of the College stating that the participant is a bonafide student of that College. The essays should reach the Club on or before August 30, 1979. The envelopes should be superscribed with "Madras Poovai Lions Clubs Essay Contest" and the name of the state of the students should be entered thereon. Essays should not exceed 1500 words. Each student should send only one essay. The essays should be sent to Lion L. Munivelu, Engineer Enterprises, 58-A M.T.H. Road, Avadi, Madras-600 054.

DOHAD

Dohad is a small township in the remote eastern sector of Gujarat State. The only industry of any importance in this region is the Locomotive Workshop of the Western Railway. Lot of activities are held to enliven an otherwise dull life of a small conglomeration of people of different states.

Recently, the local women's social welfare centre donated gifts to handicapped children. Mrs. Uma Vasu Nambeesan, President of the Centre, and wife of the Deputy Chief Mechanical Engineer, Western Railway, Dohad. distributed the gifts and addressed the gathering.

EVE-TEASING

With reference to the article, "Eve-Teasing: The Manly Sport" published in our issue dated May, 12—18 1979, the photograph of boys and girls published on page 31 was merely to illustrate the article and was not of actual eve-teasers or victims of eve-teasing. Any inconvenience or embarrassment caused to those appearing in the photograph is regretted.

EDITOR

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4. Mrs. Kusum Datta (centre), manager of the Kaya Kalpa Health Club of the Maurya Sheraton, seen with Mrs. O. P. Malhotra, wife of the Chief of Army Staff, who inaugurated the Club, on her right and Mrs. R. L. Malhotra on her left.

5. Members of the Lioness Club of Golconda seen at their Sewing Centre set up for residents of Manikeswari Nagar, Hyderabad.

6. At the May Queen Ball and Beauty Contest organised in Calcutta by Mr. Peter Dey, Principal of Silverstar School for Dancing, are seen from left, Nelle Massar, May Queen, Peter Dey and Heather Jacob, the Silverstar Princess.

7. Oasis, Jaipur, (an organisation of progressives), along with the makers of Nova Cola, organised a May Queen Beauty Contest at which Manjula Mathur (right) was the May Queen and Dolly Manohar (left) was the May Princess.

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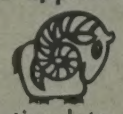
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JUNE 17 — 24, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

A splendid year if you seize your chances. Financial indications are optimistic, especially if your birthday is in the second half of this week. Not only will income be higher — on your own account or through the fortunes of your partner—but there will be unexpected strokes of luck too. In romance, your heart may be divided in early 1980, but you will sort out your emotions by the time your next birthday arrives. There is a strong accent on travel; this could tie in with a new career or a move because of a change of working location for your man. If you move your home in the second half of 1979, you will "strike lucky" and the same applies between February and mid-1980.



ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

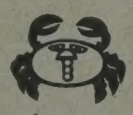
Travel, fresh places and faces will stimulate your half-formed plans and ideas and get them into definite shape. If you have already started widening your activities, generally, you make some excellent contacts soon.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

It is time to be bolder in your approach. If you are too subtle people may not understand your needs. A splendid time for romance. A new endeavour will get off to a good start and should flourish in the months ahead.

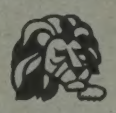
GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

Venus in your sign will bring a loving influence to your affairs and relationships. The general picture looks good for you. Use your charm as well as your know-how for both business and personal matters. Mars will soon move into Gemini to add spice to activities.



CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

You are in a rather fortunate phase for money matters. This week, impulse buys could be a mistake and you could also be attracted to a "get-rich-quick" scheme which has doubtful origins. Don't let your restless mood force you into precipitate changes.



LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

Be ready to seize sudden opportunity. This week relatives and family life bring both fun and luck. At the end of June, Mercury moves into Leo for a lengthy period — an unusual occurrence for this quick-moving star. Life will be busy and changeable from then on.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

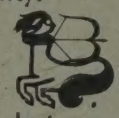
New people who enter your scene will offer advice and support which could be invaluable a little later in 1979. If unattached, social gatherings will bring interesting meetings. You might feel in a rut — or discontented — but your aims will succeed in the near future.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

The 18th is a doubtful date for you. You could act impulsively, or present yourself in the wrong image and upset your own apple-cart. Apart from this, a very good week with lots of fun as well as some minor business opportunities. A good time to make changes.

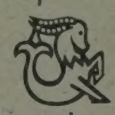
SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You may be lacking your usual confidence because of a series of difficulties and problems you have had to cope with since mid-May. Look ahead, brighter times are coming, a new love, if there has been a break, a more relaxed pace. Health may be below par, so take steps to build up vitality.



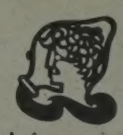
SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

You are a happy-go-lucky person, but you might get quite intense about a new flirtation. This is not your style and won't bring success, so try not to rush things. All relationships need tactful handling. In working life, take care not to upset a "higher-up"



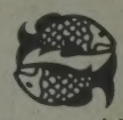
CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

No major problems, but you'll be restless. Mercury in adverse position at present will mean much coming and going, chopping and changing on the part of close companions, which unsettles you. Don't put too much faith in promises and direct your energies into positive channels.



AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

Life could be pretty hectic soon and for several weeks. It will be easy to get into a muddle. However, this week will be fun, bringing some happy surprises, a letter or visit from a friend who has been away. Some goods buys around.



PISCES
(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

Prospects are good, but some changes could alter the whole course of your life. Such changes could come any time between now and mid-1980, and will lead to a breakthrough to better times. You may get pleasing news this week.

THE SILENT VALLEY PROJECT

The World Wildlife Fund-India and the Bombay Natural History Society are gravely perturbed by the Kerala Chief Minister's decision to go ahead with the Hydro-Electric Project in the Silent Valley, completely disregarding its environmental consequences. The State Government has rejected the suggestion of the Home Minister, Mr. H. M. Patel, that Kerala should abandon the Silent Valley Project and instead accept a thermal plant. This project, if implemented, might seriously damage the environmental future of the whole area. Many conservationists, ecologists, as well as environmental organisations have also very strongly indicated the detrimental effect the hydel project will have on this unique forest area and its rare wildlife, and thus disrupt the general ecology of the area.

One of the most important features of the Silent Valley Forest is that it is amongst the very few isolated and relatively virgin forest areas. The vegetational formation is the result of several million years of evolution. Its significance lies in the fact that these forests regulate the water supply to the plains and are unique in its flora and fauna: the flora is so diverse and complex that its richness is not yet fully understood and utilised by man.

As this project requires manipulation and even destruction of a relatively undisturbed ecosystem for its reservoir and surroundings, and as there is every possiblity of an influx of human population, the effect of such a project on the general biota and environment may be adverse and its impact on the microclimate of the region, on the vegetation and the wildlife cannot be ruled out. Out of the total requirement of 1022 hectares of land, for the project, 950 hectares are evergreen forests. The loss of forest cover will positively effect the already dry areas of Palghat District. As has been rightly pointed out by knowledgeable sources, Silent Valley should not be regarded just as a chunk of forest like any other forest. Its destruction may sound the deathknell to one of the few vestiges of the magnificent rain forests in the state and threaten the very existence of the lion-tailed macaque. Any developmental programmes should take note of the naturalists' legitimate concern.

The Director of the Madras Snake Park Mr. Romulus Whitaker has noted that "the most complex floristic and faunistic content is at the valley floor which is to be cleared and submerged." Even the safeguard measures — as suggested by the Task Force of the National Committee on Environmental Planning and Co-ordination — can do little to protect the ecological balance of the area when the key centre of the forest is to be submerged and the surrounding areas disturbed.

It is certainly a pity that Silent Valley is going to be sacrificed when an alternative thermal plant in the North of Kerala could serve the purpose more than adequately.

"Gee! Your 'V.I.P.' is the kinda product I'd sure bet my bottom dollar on!"

Knowing the billions that takes when you're talking to a Texas tycoon's only daughter, it certainly was a reassuring beginning.

"Americans," confided Jo Ann Winchester*, "come to India to see the Taj Mahal in Ajanta...the tigers in the street...and the gurus in the ashram! Me? I come to see the real India. And I just dig it all. You know, there really aint nothing like a Sheraton or a Hilton to make you feel at home!"

"But I reckon you wanna ask some questions. Shoot!"

"We'd like to say," we started formally, "that we are delighted you chose a 'V.I.P.' Now how did you..."

"Oh well," kidded the young lady, "I got that old Texan horse sense!"

"The last time I visited out in India, I just walked into this shop, and bought up the store! So I tell them like a good Texan would. Pack it all in them 'V.I.P.'s just standin there doin nothin! And I'll tell you this, your 'V.I.P.'s, they sure pack in a helluva lot!"

"Now, every time I go on a trip I take some 'V.I.P.'s along. Those 'V.I.P.'s on wheels..."

"'V.I.P.' Gliders," we prompted helpfully.

"They're terrific! Don't know about you, but I find waitin for porters sure is a drag."

"Back where I come from," she said, "we make some great stuff. I won't say your 'V.I.P.' is better. It's better than better! It's tough stuff. And that, coming from me is some compliment!"

"You know, I am one of them real American products. Say luggage, and I see stars. And stripes. And Touristers! My old man ribs me that my favourite colours are red, white and blue."

Noting the colours of her outfit, we couldn't but agree.

"Talking of colours, your 'V.I.P.' shades are real snazzy! Like the Fourth of July!" she said.

"Well," we rejoined, "we have almost all your favourite colours..."

"Hold your horses now. Or you'll be on to ribbing me too," she cautioned good humouredly.

"I just got this swell idea. Any time you wanna do business in Texas, come on over and meet the family."

"But your father is in ranches not in suitcases," we said. And that sounded strange even as we said it. But she didn't notice.

"You know, you gotta point there. But don't you forget there's always dear old Uncle Sam!"

**To protect the privacy of our 'V.I.P.' customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.*

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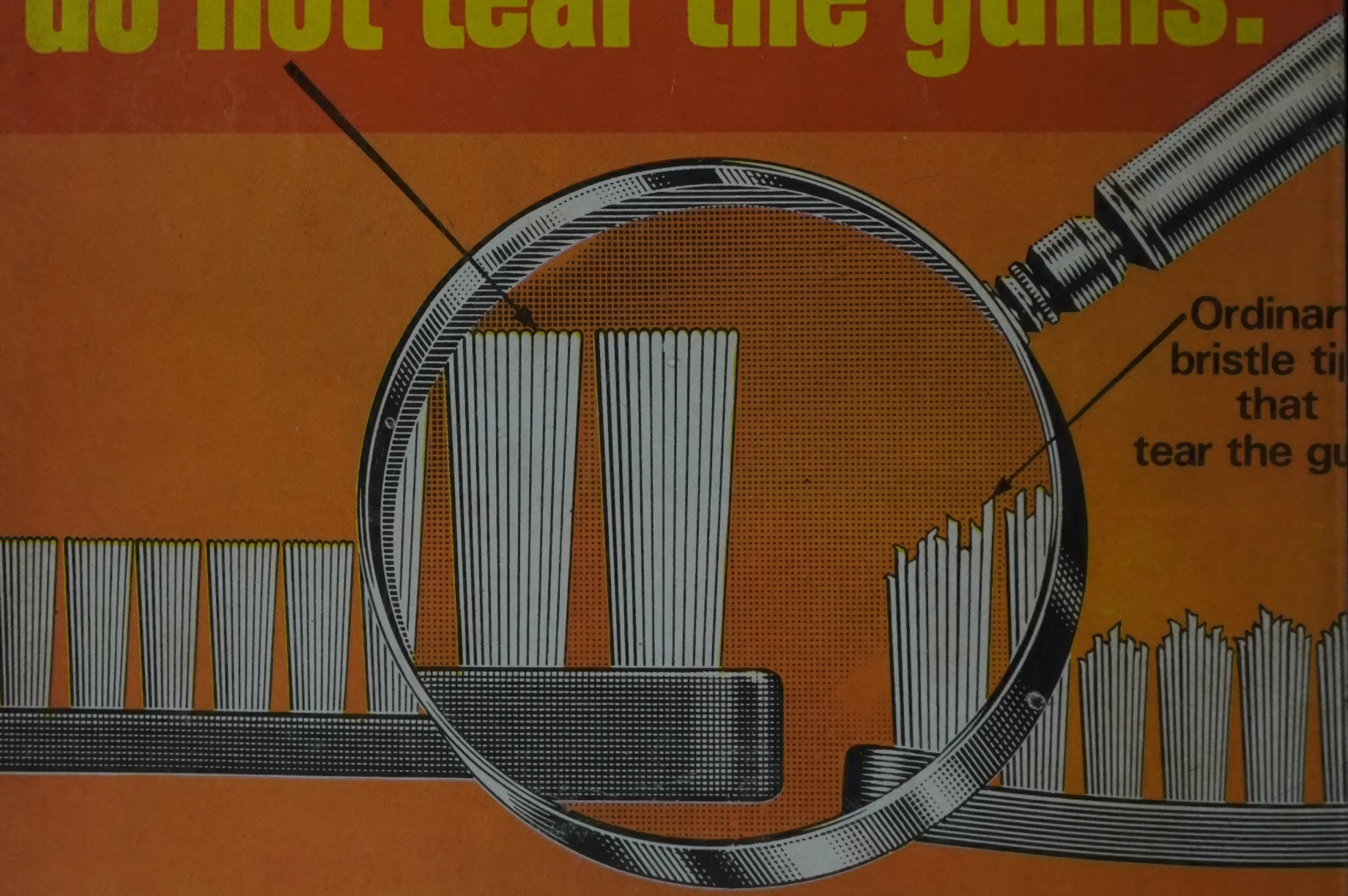

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